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THE BANCROFT HISTORICAL LIBRARY.

LOFTY purposes, great achievements, and grand natural or architectural objects require distance to give them the atmosphere essential to a proper view. A thing which is too recent or of too quick a growth fails to impress us as we are impressed by other things made venerable by time, and about which cluster the accumulated sentiment of passing ages. Could the Alexandrian library have escaped destruction until to-day, the wealth of Christendom could not purchase it.

With what veneration does the student regard an ancient manuscript in Hindostanee, Hebrew, Greek, or even in Latin, which was once the every-day topic or literary pastime of the men of its own day! Did we know the history of some of those priceless rolls, we might discover that the ignorance of the masses, or the rivalry of the few scholarly men of the time, made almost hopeless the ambition of the author to be recognized as the benefactor of his race or the historian of his people. Jeremiah the eloquent, whose scribe accompanied him to make copies of his lamentations over the perverseness of his

generation, sold few copies, very likely, as he complains that a prophet hath honor except in his own country. The poet Job desired nothing worse for his enemy than to have written a book; and truly, an author who was obliged to go from door to door reciting his verses, or who must teach to public audiences, very much as a college professor lectures to his class, the contents of his manuscript volume, led a laborious life.

Yet the productions of the world's early brain-workers, which have survived the ravages of barbarian warfare and the vindictiveness of religious persecution—how high they stand! and how crystal clear is our perception of their truths and beauties, seen through the atmosphere of centuries of time, and without the belittling associations of contemporaneous rivalry or each day's needs! So great are the fascinations of objects seen through the rarified air of antiquity, that the modern, unless it be something absolutely new—if such a thing there be—affords us comparatively little pleasure, and elicits little interest. To be recent is to be valueless.

The *littérateurs* of a new State are liable to be snubbed or patronized by the *littérateurs* of the older States. To give interest to the fiction of California, for instance, it was necessary for a Bret Harte to represent its pioneers as a class at once peculiar and *outré*; as if all the men who were pioneers were not from the older States, instead of being indigenous to California; so that now the early Californians have passed into the literature of half a dozen different nations, as a people half-ruffians and half-montebanks; when every one knows that no new State under the sun ever possessed so intellectual, energetic, or educated a population; and that, with the exception of a brief period when a criminal class, following in the wake of the intelligent and industrious, made it necessary for the latter to organize for self-defense, nowhere on the continent was there a better-ordered city than San Francisco.

The glamour of the gold excitement passed away with the first fifteen years of marvelous growth, and California was simply a new State, with, for a new State, a large class of wealthy men with the habits of men of business everywhere. Then it became the reproach of Californians that they were money makers and money lovers only; that they expended their millions, more or less, upon fine houses and furniture, fine equipages and good dinners, upon visits to Paris, and fashionable ways in general, without contributing to the intellectual advancement of the Commonwealth. They were called upon to endow colleges, aid in the cultivation of the fine arts, and found public institutions.

While it may be true, since the rapid accumulation of money often bewilders the possessor as to its best use, that many of the rich men of California have been selfishly addicted to their own pleasures and to pleasing their personal favorites, still a comparison of the public institutions of California founded or assisted by private means with those of other States of the same age would probably show a creditable munificence on their part. Our colleges, literary

and special, our Academy of Science, our State Library, our hospitals, libraries, and Golden Gate Park Conservatory, with many other helps to the public intelligence and happiness, refute at least the charge of parsimony.

Nor is California lacking in literary talent, as the fame of some of our authors who have gone abroad and the conscientious work of many who remain at home sufficiently prove. Our scientific men are as alert and enthusiastic as those of the older States; and in the matter of art, it may reasonably be doubted whether any States except Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, and Ohio have bestowed so liberal a patronage on painters, or sent so many young men to the art schools of Europe.

In the ordinary course of things, it is not expected that men engaged in the active pursuits of business should devote themselves either to art or literature. It is generally thought enough that one generation of men should make a fortune, another should devote themselves to self-culture, and the third should be prepared to contribute something to the world's stock of knowledge. To this rule there have been as many exceptions in California as elsewhere. One of the most notable of these instances of surmounting the obstacles which it usually occupies two generations to remove has been furnished by the founder of the Bancroft Library.

Hubert Howe Bancroft was born at Granville, Ohio, May 5th, 1832, his ancestors being of the stanch and stern New England stock who believed in and feared God, and knew the value of money and brains in the world. In his boyhood he assisted in the labors of the usual western farm, and studied assiduously in his hours of relaxation from labor. Fortunately he possessed an unusually fine constitution, which would bear almost any amount of strain put upon it. At sixteen he went to Buffalo, New York, and entered the employ of his brother-in-law, George H. Derby, bookseller, who sent him, in 1852, to California to establish

a bookstore. The times were propitious, Mr. Bancroft was untiringly ambitious and enterprising, and success crowned his undertaking in proportion to his efforts.

Being endowed by nature with the taste for literature which urges most men similarly endowed into authorship, or at least into a professional career, Mr. Bancroft was wise enough to resist the temptation of risking all in the desire to follow this bent, and set himself resolutely to work to lay the foundation for not only a fortune, but some congenial brain-work outside of his business.

It is natural, perhaps, that, living in the exciting period of California's early annals, and witnessing the fascination which the unique experiences of that time exercised upon all minds alike, he should have his mind drawn toward history—the history of California. In 1856 he commenced collecting authorities on this subject, partly with a view to historical writing in the future, and partly to aid him in the preparation of certain publications issued by the firm.

Once begun, there was no limit to the desire to accumulate further information, and every book added to the collection was another suggestion of the use to which they should be put. Instead of being confined to merely local or Californian subjects, his library soon contained books of every kind of information about the adjacent countries; and then of the whole Pacific coast.

Having gained so much, he saw the value of completing his library with works of greater rarity; and not only himself traveled for that purpose in the Eastern States and Europe, but had his agents in all parts of the world, who watched the sales of private or rare collections, and sent him the catalogues, from which he selected the matter desired for his historical library.

The first great addition in bulk to the miscellaneous mass of books gathered up concerning the history of the Pacific coast was three thousand volumes from the Maximilian Library of Mexico. This lot was selected from the catalogue furnished by an agent; the Maximilian Library being a collection of books on Mexican and Spanish

history and other subjects, which had employed Señor J. M. Andrade a life-time to collect from every conceivable quarter, and which that unfortunate emperor had purchased to found an imperial library for Mexico. On the close of his career they were smuggled out of the country, and offered for sale in Europe.

At a much later date the collection of José Fernando Ramirez, curator of the National Library of Mexico, and author of several important works, was also sold in London; and again Mr. Bancroft's agent purchased a considerable portion of it. Five hundred volumes were also collected in Mexico by Porter C. Bliss, Secretary of the United States Legation, for Mr. Bancroft's library. Among the various collections from that quarter are many venerable and curious books and valuable manuscripts.

To the manuscripts were added many from the Squier collection, as well as from a number of others sold at various times. Anything like a catalogue within the compass of this article would be inadmissible, if it were not useless and tiresome. It is perhaps sufficient to say that some of the manuscripts in the Central American and Mexican departments of the Bancroft Library were written in Latin nearly four hundred years ago; while aboriginal hieroglyphics are of much earlier date. One of the earliest original manuscripts in Latin is a pastoral letter of Joannes de Zumarraga, the first bishop of Mexico, who was appointed by Charles V., the date of which is 1534; though this is not the oldest manuscript in the library.

The historical value of some of these writings is nothing. They only serve to satisfy the curiosity of the reader, to know how certain things were done at a certain period of the world's history, and are simply classed as "rare." One of these is the *Moralia S. Gregorii Pape*, in thirty-five books, in doubled-lined Latin text, the lettering being small, close, and even; the margin bearing frequent references, in the Greek style. The running-title is in blue Roman numerals, with red tracery; the chapter divisions are marked in

black Arabic; and Arabic figures in red are used to number the lines. The books begin with large blue head-pieces, ornamented with a delicate tracing of red and blue; small initials of the same description commencing the rare paragraphs, and every sentence beginning with a red letter; even the index is profusely decorated—all exhibiting the patience and skill of the monkish copyists; the whole being upon vellum, bound in parchment-covered pasteboards, bearing on the cover an emblazoned shield.

Among these illuminated manuscripts are the *Colegio de Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe de Zacatecas*, *Escrita de Protestacion*, daz-zlingly illustrated in colors, and contained in parchment covers, fastened with thongs. A more beautifully decorated manuscript is the *Angeles, Grandeza y Excelencia de los siete principes*, a series of prayers and allegories on heaven and its inhabitants, with an octo-syllabic ode in triple measure and assonant rhyme; as also the *Sermones, in Festis*, executed in the sixteenth century.

Less ornate manuscripts of the religious class are furnished by the *Obra* of the Canon Conde y Oquiendos, in two volumes, on the apparition of Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe; the treatise of Frey Hieroni Baptista on the canons regulating marriage; *Amadei Apocalypsis*, a folio collection of sermons, hymns, and allegories; and *Fray J. de Schevelar, Questiones Sobre la Regla de San Francisco*. The value of these books to the historian is merely in the illustrations they furnish of the religious devotion and bigotry of their age, and of the state of the arts at the same period.

But other manuscripts are of absolutely inestimable worth to the historical student. Of these, the principal ones are four large volumes of the *Concilios Provinciales Mexicanos*, which are the original records of the proceedings of the first three ecclesiastical councils of Mexico, held in the sixteenth century. These volumes contain petitions and communications on civil as well as religious affairs, and the decrees of the church by which secular affairs were regulated in Spanish North America, together with autographs and seals

of sovereigns, church dignitaries, and other prominent men in civil offices.

The autographs contained in the manuscript collections are an attractive and intrinsically valuable feature. Among them are the signatures of Queen Juana, of Philip II., of his viceroy, of the first bishop of Mexico, and other prelates, with very many more historical personages, interesting from association, and curious as to calligraphy and rubrics. Among later autographs is that of the celebrated primate Lorenzana, and his five episcopal coadjutors.

Only less interesting are many specimens of the earliest American printing; such as a Zumarraga *Doctrina Christiana* of 1546, a Papal Bull of 1568, a Molina *Vocabulario* of Castilian and Mexican, printed in Mexico in 1571, and fifty or sixty other works printed in the sixteenth century.

It would be interesting to know through what strange vicissitudes of government, or gross carelessness of the priestly class in Mexico, this national treasure fell into the hands of a collector, and was finally offered for sale in Europe; and perhaps on this point Mr. Bancroft's forthcoming history of Mexico may enlighten us.

That division of the Bancroft Library bearing on the political history of Mexico and Central America is rich in early originals and copies of documents, many of the former having belonged to the Imperial Library, and the latter having been obtained from the archives of Spain and elsewhere. *Zurita, Breve y Sumaria Relacion*, of 1554, in parchment binding, is a dissertation on the tribute system before and after the conquest, addressed to the king by this *oidor*. The *Libro de Cabildo* relates to the municipal acts of the city of Mexico from 1524 to 1529, and includes the names of the early settlers. Duran's *Historia de las Indias de la Nueva España*, in three *tratados*, treats of the ancient history and customs of the natives; as also much of the older *Historia Apologetica* and *Historia de las Yndias* of Las Casas. Another work during the sixteenth century on Nicaragua and Honduras, is a collection of Cerezedá's letters to the

king, dated from 1529 to 1533; to which may be added the historical writings of Muñoz, Velasco, and Coronado, from 1545 to 1562. A large number of documents, consisting of reports and journals by priests and officials, relating to *la Historia Ecclesiastica y civil de la Nueva Viscaya, Materiales para la Historia de Sonora*, and *Documentos para la Historia de Texas*, collected from the archives of Mexico, furnish invaluable material for the history of that portion of the Mexican territory.

Coming down to the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the number of historical documents of value is greatly augmented. The *Memorias de Mexico* is a collection on the history of the city of Mexico, especially referring to the foundation of her convents, illustrated with a plan of the city, dated 1618. Another municipal history is *Alcala, Descripcion de Puebla*, carried down to 1769, containing a full account of its edifices, interspersed with odes and sonnets, and illustrated with a map of the district in colors. *Rivera, Diario Curioso* contains the chronicles of Mexico from 1676 to 1696, with a preface by the hand of Bustamante, to whom the librarian of the University of Mexico presented it, with an unaccountable disregard of its value to that institution. Bustamante, however, had the liberality to publish it in 1843, in the *Museo Mexicano*, with a preface by himself. He also wrote a preface to another *Diario* by Gomez, of events from 1776 to 1798. An archive of curious biographies is the *Mexico Archivo General*, which contains, among other histories, the *Vida de Beatriz de Silva*, founder of the order of Primera Concepcion.

The *Cronica de la Provincia de S. Pedro y S. Pablo de Mechoacan* from 1522 to 1575, by Beaumont, is the result of extensive research by a man of the world turned friar; and the *Historia de la Conquista de la Nueva Galicia*, by Mota Padilla, 1740, is a manuscript history of those provinces. The original of the latter is said to exist in the Biblioteca del Carmen; but several copies have been made, one of which is in the Bancroft Library; and two printed editions

have been published: one in *El Pais*, a periodical of 1856; and one in book form by the Mexican Geographical Society. The author of *Nueva Galicia* was another man of the world, who, after being fiscal to the Audiencia of Guadalajara, and incumbent of other civil offices, turned churchman, and devoted himself to study.

The *Representacion Politico Legal* of Aumada, advocate of the Mexican Audiencia, is a plea for the free admission of Spanish Indians to secular and ecclesiastical offices. A similar plea is the *Representacion Umlde* of 1771, by the *Ayuntamiento* of the capital. In *Adalid, Causa Formada*, 1815, three volumes bound in parchment, is found the trial of prominent supporters of the insurgents in Mexico. The proceedings of a similar trial are found in *Extracto de la Causa* of Matoso; and other matters concerning the revolutionary period of 1812 to 1821 in Orizaba, is found in *Orizava Libro Noticioso*, an original diary, with a preface by Carlos Maria Bustamante, the most prolific historical writer of Mexico. He was not only a lawyer and editor, but joined the revolutionary party, and was elected deputy from his native province of Oajaca, and at one time president *pro tem.* of the Mexican Congress. From 1836 to 1841 he was one of the five conservadores of supreme power in the republic of which his brother was president. Nearly all the important original manuscripts left by him are in the Bancroft Library.

It was during these revolutionary times that so much of value to the history of Mexico became scattered. The manuscript *Descripcion de Darien*, a report by its governor, Remon, to the viceroy, the most complete statement known, was found among a pile of waste paper in a store in Bogota, and sent to Mr. Bancroft by a friend. Many writings of this kind had been turned over to the cartridge makers.

Of standard works on Spanish history, the library contains, besides those referred to, those of Cortés, Bernal Diaz, Mendieta, Motolinia, Sahagun, Torquemada, Acosta, Peter Martyr, Oviedo, Gomara, Herrera,

Betancourt, Remesal, Beaumont, Cogoludo, Villa Gutierre, Burgoa, Clavigero—all in good editions, either original or copies, and many in several editions and translations.

Of works devoted to the history of the native races, there may be mentioned the writings of Garcia, Ixtlilxochitl, Camargo, Tezozomoe, Boturini, Veytia, and Leon y Gama. Of works on antiquities, those of Kingsborough, Waldeck, Dupaix, Del Rio, Cabrera, Stephens and Catherwood, Brasseur de Bourbourg, Nebel, and Charnay. On the early voyages and explorations, with their correlative history, may be cited, first, Grynaeus, Ramusio, Hakluyt, and Purchas; and secondly, Churchill, Pinkerton, Aa, Godfriedt, Navarrete, Ternaux-Campans, Pacheco, and Icazbalceta. Of the northwest coast and its early history, the most valuable are by Ribas, Mota Padilla, Alegre, Arricivita, Kino, Salvatierra, Venegas, Clavigero, Bæger, Salmeron, Palou, Fages, Mofras, *Voyage of the Sutil y Mexicana*, Cabrera Bueno, Forbes, Greenhow, and others.

In addition to this mass of material, are many thousands of pamphlets—five thousand in a single collection made in Mexico on government and other matters—and periodicals and publications of learned societies, besides the works of such modern writers as Humboldt, Buschman, Prescott, Irving, Alaman, Orozco y Berra, Stephens, and Squier, to which might be appended an almost innumerable list of books of miscellaneous matter, bearing in some degree on the character of history or the natural resources of the vast area of country constituting the Pacific States; and it is doubtful if any library in the world contains more or better authorities on the Spanish states in North America.

The material for the history of California in the Bancroft Library—over and above all the thousands of written and printed books—of a comparatively and of a really modern date is as unique and interesting as the earlier portions. This consists of mission archives, biographical sketches, and early

reminiscences, to the number of several hundred volumes, including the Vallejo collection of original documents, in thirty-seven volumes; the Hayes collection of originals, copies, and maps, in one hundred volumes; documents from the archives of the Bandini, Castro, and Pico families; the Larkin collection of official papers; manuscript histories of California, written from the personal recollection and private memoranda of General Mariano Guadalupe Vallejo, Don Juan Bandini, Captain Jose Fernandez, Colonel Manuel Castro, Governor Juan B. Alvarado, and Captain John A. Sutter, with historical reminiscences in manuscripts by hundreds of the earliest American settlers in California.

In obtaining these materials, which are of the greatest advantage to the historian, Mr. Bancroft either went himself or sent an assistant to every old mission, and interviewed every prominent family of Spanish or Mexican origin. At some of these places the original documents were easily procured; at others persuasion procured permission to make copies; and at others money proved the open sesame. It was in this personal manner that Judge Hayes, the enthusiastic collector, gathered up the hundred volumes of matter that passed into Mr. Bancroft's hands. The passion for historical research is one that, when it gets possession of an individual, never leaves him, but presses him ever onward.

But it was not manuscripts alone for which the collector plied the possessor of historical material. The vast bulk of unprinted originals was supplemented by a vaster bulk of newspaper files, United States Government documents, and printed matter of every description, including costly reports in now rare sets of quarto volumes. The collection for the history of California is absolutely complete; and it should be regarded as of the greatest importance to the State, not only that such a collection exists, but that there exists in its owner a man with the high ambition to extract from it, with infinite labor and ample resources, a perfectly accurate as well as

thoroughly creditable history of the country from the earliest times to the present—an advantage no other State of any nation has ever possessed.

The same system as above described has been pursued in obtaining material for the history of the other States. The government of Central America has contributed a voluminous amount of matter to that before in the library. Pinart and Petroff have brought to the library, from St. Petersburg, collections of great value to the history of Alaska, which have been augmented by Mr. Petroff's recent labors in examining the government archives at Washington.

For the history of British Columbia, besides every printed book on the subject, a large number of manuscripts have been furnished by gentlemen formerly in the service of the Hudson Bay Company, the earliest pioneers of that region. These Mr. Bancroft obtained by a personal visit to Vancouver's Island in 1878.

For the history of Oregon and Washington Territory he secured the collection of Hon. Elwood Evans, the most comprehensive yet made of historical data for that region, besides the extensive correspondence of Mrs. Victor with the pioneers of Oregon, a partial collection by United States District Judge M. P. Deady, manuscript contributions by Judge William Strong, Judge P. P. Prim, Judge J. Q. Thornton, General Joseph Lane, Hon. Jesse Applegate, Hon. J. W. Nesmith, and sixty other of the earliest settlers and men of affairs in that portion of the Pacific coast. Even Idaho and Montana have furnished some original matter; but that territory is not yet thoroughly explored.

Next comes Utah, from which portion of the field the matter for modern history is complete. By the courtesy of President Taylor and the Council of Twelve, the entire documentary library of the church of Latter Day Saints and the Territory of Utah has been placed in Mr. Bancroft's hands to search and copy at his pleasure; while Mr. Richards, one of the foremost men in the Territory, has been at much

trouble to personally answer questions upon any and all topics, his replies being taken down by a reporter for the shelves of the library.

For each one of the States and Territories newspaper files have been gathered, until they aggregate four hundred in number, and make over four thousand volumes. United States Government documents, numbering two thousand volumes, are here to be drawn upon for the Congressional history of the several States; while scrap-books of choice information, and pamphlets on every subject germane to the history, swell the enormous mass of material, amounting in all to over thirty-five thousand books, maps, and manuscripts.

As the library grew upon his hands, Mr. Bancroft removed, first from Montgomery, near Merchant, to Market Street, in 1869, and again in 1881 to Valencia Street. On Montgomery and Market Streets the books were kept in the topmost story of the building, in which was carried on the business of the bookselling and publishing concern: but on finding himself crowded by the encroachments of a constantly enlarging trade, and being in dread of the possible loss by fire of his costly collections (representing several hundred thousand dollars in money, not to mention their greater value to him as the result of twenty-five years of persistent effort), Mr. Bancroft decided to erect a special depository on Valencia Street, which, being of brick, with iron doors and shutters, and standing in the center of a large lot, surrounded by grass and shrubbery, should be almost absolutely safe from conflagration.

The interior arrangement of the library is good, being well lighted, well ventilated, and cheerful in aspect. The lower floor is devoted to the heavier classes of books, and to maps and newspaper files; the upper floor to a literary work-shop, the walls of which are covered from floor to ceiling with books arranged upon a plan which enables the librarian at a moment's notice to take down any volume that may be called for. On the upper floor, also, are a few private

rooms: one the special study of Mr. Bancroft, another occupied as a study by the only lady assistant, and two apartments for the use of two gentlemen who reside in the building.

The history of the Bancroft Library would, if suffered to end here, leave the reader still uninformed of its most remarkable feature—its success in enabling its founder to carry out his literary aspirations. In the incipency of his undertaking, Mr. Bancroft entertained the idea of contenting himself with writing upon several minor topics; but when he beheld the value and extent of his material, he was dissatisfied to garble it in the manner proposed, and relinquished that idea. He then withdrew himself from the cares of business as much as possible (though never able to do so entirely), and set himself to write the "History of the Pacific," from Darien to Alaska.

Upon beginning at the first appearance of Europeans on any part of the coast, he found himself invariably confronted by the aboriginal population, whom he could neither ignore nor properly represent without making a special study of ethnology. To the examination of this subject he then applied himself, purchasing all the authorities most valuable on the history, antiquities, religion, manners, and customs of the original inhabitants of the North American continent, and with the help of a number of assistants in reducing to form and established limits an enormous mass of facts, produced in a few years his "Native Races," in five volumes.

The work, which was well received by the learned and students throughout the world, was good training, both for Mr. Bancroft and those associated with him in the labor of extracting from many thousands of authorities exactly the matter required for the greater work of the "History of the Pacific States." By a system of indexing, which has been brought to great perfection, as before stated, anything in the library, from a single sheet to a heavy quarto, is known with certainty to the librarian. By a system of note taking or references, which places all the material on a certain subject in one budget

under its proper date, the writer is enabled to compare at once all his authorities on that subject, and is prepared to judge of the credibility of his witnesses by the weight of his evidence.

It is safe to assert that no historical writing was ever done under better conditions. A large corps of readers has gone over the whole collection. Their notes constitute the indexes just mentioned. The secretary, who first reduces the matter contained to something like form, saves the author considerable labor in that part of the work, the plan being one to which all those doing similar work conform, under his direction. Both references and abstracts pass examination, and are compared with the originals, to prevent mistakes or erroneous inferences.

No history was ever attempted that dealt so much with the beginnings of things, this being one of its most attractive features. The men who made the history of the country, be they ever so humble, have their proper place, and are preserved like flies in amber, for the view of generations yet unborn, who will look upon the pioneers of the Pacific coast with as much wonder as we of the nineteenth century regard the founders of Athens or Rome; but will know a good deal more about them than we do of the early Greeks and Romans, and a good deal more than we do about the early kings of Great Britain or the founders of the New England colonies. In these volumes, the descendants of the native sons of the Golden West in the generations to come may look for their ancestry, and will take the same pride in them that the descendants of the Randolphs of Virginia or the Standishes of Massachusetts take in theirs.

From this point of view, too much importance cannot be attached to the library which Mr. Bancroft has collected, nor to the work to which he is devoting his life, together with the faithful co-workers who deserve well of the public for conscientious application to a really serious, long-continued, and laborious task; albeit, it is with Mr. Bancroft and his assistants a labor of love.

As to the motive which prompts this effort, some call it love of fame, but it is, in truth, love of the work. But if it were for fame? It must be good and conscientious work to bring fame. A man has a just right to take to himself credit for having carried to successful completion a noble enterprise; for having done something which in the nature of things must benefit others. His love of approbation is his *point d'appui*, in undertaking at his own risk that which if he failed in doing would involve him in heavy loss of money and reputation. It is a sort of highwayman's spirit which says to a man who is doing all that is possible to earn the praise of his fellow-men, that he shall renounce the pleasure of fame or the profits of his investment, whether it be in money, or the approbation of the public, or both.

If any man in California who is worth a million of dollars should devote half of it at his death to the establishment of an institution for the development of special talents in the people, the promotion of useful research, the preservation of charities, or the founding of manufactories which should give employment where it is needed, no one would doubt the justice of giving that institution the name of the founder, or of writing him into fame in elaborate biographies; for these things address themselves at once to the selfishness of people.

In a work like that for which the Bancroft Library was created—itsself a monument to the intellectual qualities of its founder—there can only be success. The material, talent, culture, and will power are combined to produce the results aimed at. The same good judgment, foresight, and determination which have enabled him to make the handsome fortune that has been invested in the work are important factors in the work itself. The day has gone past when to produce good literary work a man must be only a book-worm, or live in a garret. "Attic salt" does not always come from an attic; and if

Mr. Bancroft has shown us, at his own cost, how to do the work of two or three life-times in one, he has certainly done us an important service.

But it is not the "History of the Pacific States" alone which will be evolved out of the Bancroft collection. If it is desired by any one hereafter to write a book on any one of a hundred different topics, here is the material, with the references already made, the subject indexed, ready to the writer's hand. What a splendid arrangement for a journalist! Do you wish to know about government, soils, climates, agriculture, manufactures, races of man, railroads, routes, Indian affairs, antiquities, church matters, discoveries, explorations, surveys, and a hundred other things—nothing is easier than to get it by the method pursued here. And with every month hundreds of books are being added, which will contribute their share to the mass of matter already annotated.

I have said nothing about a large number of miscellaneous books of travel, adventure, and even fiction, which, because they contain some item of use to the library, are accorded a place on its shelves; but the general reader would find plenty of entertainment without troubling his brain with statistics, or vexing his soul with undertaking to solve a knotty question as to the rights of nations. He may find photographs of celebrated places, and likenesses of California pioneers, with other pictures, and a few curios, accidental adjuncts of the library; but being a working institution, there is not a great deal about it to amuse the idler.

Such as I have described it, a special historical collection, for a special purpose, it is remarkable, and highly creditable to the State which contains it, as a proof of the vigor and intellectuality of its leading citizens, eminent among whom will always be the name of the founder of the Bancroft Library.

FRANCES FULLER VICTOR.

A CONTEMPORARY OF WASHINGTON.—II.

[FROM UNPUBLISHED MEMOIRS.]

THE early life of Peter Adolph Grotjan, his quaint surroundings in the Free City of Hamburg, his unconquerable desire to exchange republican Hamburg for republican America, his arrival and settlement in Philadelphia in the autumn of 1796, and his description of Washington, whom he met a few weeks afterwards, have formed the subject of a previous article. I now propose to follow up his American career, by transcribing from his memoirs certain vivid descriptions of leading statesmen and contemporary life.

A few lines about John Randolph cannot be omitted:

"On the memorable day when Washington delivered his Farewell Address to Congress, in the Senate Chamber in Philadelphia, I beheld for the first time the famous John Randolph, of Roanoke, Virginia. He was then young, not near thirty years of age, but in appearance looked more like a boy than a man. So youthful was his appearance, that, seeing him seated amongst other members, I asked a person alongside of me, pointing at the same time to Randolph, whether the members of Congress were permitted to bring their *sons* on the floor. I was answered, 'You are no doubt a stranger, not to know John Randolph.' He was slender in person, of middle stature, and pale visage, very plainly dressed, his light-colored hair combed over the back of his head and tied with a black silk ribbon, leaving a tuft about six inches long pendant beneath. His voice was rather shrill, but his manner of speaking impressive; and he treated every subject with a profundity and in a style that commanded the attention and enforced the admiration of his auditors. His powers and his fearlessness were so great that he became the terror of many of his opponents during successive sessions of Congress. I shall have occasion speak more of him hereafter."

In the early part of 1797, Mr. Grotjan left Philadelphia for a short time, and went on business to Lancaster, which was then the seat of the State Government of Pennsylvania. There he made the acquaintance of several interesting foreigners with romantic histories, who had turned to America as the land of promise, and were trying, with more or less success, to accommodate themselves to the unexpected realities of American life. One pretended to be connected with the royal family of Denmark, another had been in the service of the Empress Catherine of Russia, a third was a Prussian Count. This gentleman, to judge from the following description of his career, had the same idea of combining business with sport which is attempted to-day, with no better success, by many young Englishmen in our Western States:

"Count von Buelow, brother of the Prussian general who afterwards became so famous in the battles with the French armies, had taken a liberty-and-equality fit into his head, and accordingly emigrated to the United States as a private citizen and trader. I found him located in the borough of Lancaster, with his lady and one son about eight years of age. He had rented and furnished a house, lived in simple style, and was trading off the goods he had brought with him from Germany. He dropped his title of Count, as well as the word *von*, and requested to have himself called only Mr. Buelow. This was all very well; and if he could have divested himself as easily of his innate aristocratic feeling, early prejudices, and ceremonious habits as he had of his titles, this country would have suited him exactly. However, this was not the case. So used was he to the servile deference paid him by the peasantry in Europe, that he found daily causes to complain of what he called the boorish

insolence of our farmers. His wife was a short person, much *en bon point*, well bred, but not over well informed. The son was a spoiled pet, probably in consequence of being afflicted with the king's-evil. Finding that he could not sell his goods fast enough, and being fond of gunning and hunting, he took the singular resolution of turning peddler. He actually purchased a wagon and horses, hired some cunning but poor German as driver and salesman, obtained a peddler's license for him, left his wife and son at his house in Lancaster, mounted his gun, shot-pouch, and powder-horn, and followed by his dog, accompanied this expedition on foot through a mountainous country many hundreds of miles, and for several months. The last I heard of him he had sunk much of his capital, and returned in disgust with wife and child to Prussia."

Leaving Lancaster and its eccentric foreigners, Mr. Grotjan returned to Philadelphia. Six months had barely elapsed since his arrival in America; but during that time the partnership into which he had entered with a Philadelphia merchant was attended by such favorable results that it was now determined to establish at Reading, about fifty-six miles from Philadelphia, a branch of their commercial enterprise. This task was intrusted to Mr. Grotjan, and as the yellow fever, which had not visited Philadelphia since 1793, broke out again in that city in the summer of 1797, he found the seclusion of Reading doubly to his advantage. He was shortly joined there by several friends, who fled in alarm from the city, and for nearly a year Reading became his place of abode. There for the first time the young German republican flung himself into the current of American politics, and his memoirs are full of interest.

"It was at this period that I first commenced my political career, which, being a republican citizen by birth, was then and has ever since been decidedly democratic, on the principle of 'the greatest good and the greatest degree of rational liberty and protection to the greatest number of people'; no sinecures and no exclusive privileges.

"I must here observe, that I have met with no place in the United States which exceeds this beautiful town of Reading in hospitality, liberality, and good-fellowship. Society in cities, towns, and country, no matter under what government, will always subdivide itself. Travelers and temporary sojourners alone, if they possess the qualifications, can sometimes enjoy the society of all. This was precisely the case with myself and friends. Our acquaintance was general and independent, with dignitaries and with private citizens, with rich and with poor, with Federalists and with Democrats. The time I spent in Reading has ever left behind the most pleasing recollections. Were it not that in a few instances party spirit, which at that period ran very high, created some unpleasant feelings, and produced some disgraceful occurrences, I should have nothing to complain of. One of these political scenes of disorder and riot I will relate to you, in order to show to what excesses political animosities will stimulate persons who, on all other occasions, seem to live together on a friendly footing.

"In order that you may understand the temper of those times, it is necessary for me to give a brief statement of the relations of political parties. Upon General Washington receding from the presidency of the United States, there existed two distinct political parties in this country. Many of our wealthy citizens, and nearly all those who had been opposed to the Revolutionary War, together with many whose interests were deeply interwoven with British commerce and British predilections, and who had been highly opposed to the French Revolution, formed one party. They styled themselves Federalists, but were nicknamed by the opposite party Tories. The leaders of this party were the Adamses, Hamilton, Jay, Dana, the Francisces, Harper, the Coxes, Bingham, Barings, and many other eminent families in other States. The other party, much more numerous but not so well organized at that period, and not quite so wealthy, consisted of those who had been strenuously in favor of the Revolution, who

enthusiastically loved our Constitution and Government, who had divested themselves of British predilections, and bore England little good will an account of former cruelties and oppression. This party was also favorable to the French Revolution, and to the emancipation of all mankind from legal tyranny. They styled themselves Democrats, but were nicknamed by the other party, *Sans-culottes*. The chief leaders of this party at the time I speak of were Thomas Jefferson, De Witt Clinton, Aaron Burr, John Randolph, Albert Gallatin, James Madison, James Monroe, John Tompkins, Judge McKean, and many other great and distinguished citizens of other States.

"With this array of parties, opposed to each other in many essential matters relative to our political government, the election of Washington's successor took place; and although the most sanguine expectation had prevailed that Thomas Jefferson would be elected, John Adams of Massachusetts became President of the United States. During his administration party feuds ran very high. The Federal party exercised their power with an iron hand. Obnoxious laws were passed by Congress and sanctioned by the President. Among the most offensive of these were an alien and sedition law, a stamp tax, and a window tax. Debates in Congress became very acrimonious, and such scenes as have been recently (1844) enacted in Washington were not uncommon in those times; as is apparent from the fact that Matthew Lyons, a representative, spat in the face of Mr. Griswold, another member, for offensive remarks made by the latter during a debate. John Randolph and Albert Gallatin defended the Democratic cause with much energy and ability, for which the latter, having had the misfortune to be born in Switzerland, was most cordially hated and abused by the whole Federal party.

"Whilst these events were going on in Philadelphia that stormy session closed, and the respective members prepared themselves for home. Mr. Gallatin, who had his wife and children with him, traveled in his own

private carriage. He resided in the western part of Pennsylvania, and his route home passed through Reading. On a pleasant afternoon about five o'clock, I heard the bells ringing a merry peal, and on inquiring the cause was informed that it was done by order of the Democrats, to welcome their champion in Congress, who was expected to stay one night in Reading, and whose coach was then in sight. I went directly, with several of my friends, to Barr's Hotel, where I welcomed Mr. Gallatin and his family on their arrival. Rooms on the second floor had been prepared, to which they retired. Soon after dark I observed some strange maneuvers amongst the lower class of the members of the Federal party. Many of Captain Keim's company, called the Reading Blues, were in uniform, and many of the young men were whispering in small parties, apparently discussing some plot or outbreak. I soon got information of their schemes. It appeared that the Federal party had been highly scandalized and irritated at the honor paid to Mr. Gallatin, and that they had determined to be revenged: first, by manifesting their displeasure towards himself and family by playing the Rogue's March under his window; and secondly, if practicable, by taking him forcibly from the house, and offering him some other personal indignities. The leaders of our party immediately convened, and we consulted about the most proper course to pursue to prevent the execution of these malicious intentions, and to avoid an outbreak and open violence. A committee consulted with Mr. Barr, the landlord, whom we acquainted with the intended violence. This gentleman, one of the largest and most athletic men in Berks County, who weighed upwards of three hundred pounds, and occupied the space of two common men, and was, moreover, on an intimate footing with all the inhabitants, observed, with a good-natured smile, that he would take care and answer for the safety of Mr. Gallatin and family whilst in his house, if we would take measures to protect him when out of it. He advised that some of us should be off and on in the bar-room

during the evening, and as many as possible quietly disperse ourselves amongst the crowd. He added, 'I myself will guard the stairs, and I promise that nobody shall ascend without my permission.' He accordingly fortified himself with a heavily loaded chaise-whip, and took his seat on the stairway to the second story, which his huge body completely filled. There he faithfully remained until the house was shut up. The presence of this formidable man in such a position had no doubt prevented many of the evil-inclined opponents from making an attempt to go up-stairs. But about nine o'clock three of the most determined presented themselves before Mr. Barr, and requested him to move. He got up and said, in a good-natured tone, 'Gentlemen, what do you want?' They answered, 'We wish to see Mr. Gallatin'; to which he replied very civilly, 'Mr. Gallatin is my guest, and I do not suffer any person to intrude on him unless it is by his own desire.' They expostulated, and one of them attempted to pass him. He stretched out his huge arm, holding the whip in a horizontal position before him, and pushing the man at arm's length from him, said, in a most determined though not angry tone: 'Gentlemen, you know me. Be off with you! The first one that attempts again to pass me will find himself in the middle of the street before he is aware of it.' This had the desired effect; no other attempt was made that evening.

"During the whole night, however, the noise, hooting, and music were kept up, in addition to which an image of hideous dimensions, intended as an effigy of Mr. Gallatin, was prepared and stuck upon a pole. It became but too evident that they intended to offer him personal insult on his departure. We called upon him at day-break, and although he had been sensible of the tumult out of doors, he had not been informed that he was in personal danger. This became now unavoidable. Mr. Barr informed him that a horse stood ready saddled in the stable, which was at the end and in the rear of a very deep lot, fronting on a

lane which went all the way to the ferry on the Schuylkill. We persuaded him to avail himself of that opportunity to depart unobserved. I promised him to accompany his wife and children in the coach, and requested him to wait at the Big Spring, about three miles from Reading, until our arrival. We assured him that no danger threatened his family, that at all events we were amply strong to protect them, and that we proposed this plan, not because we deemed ourselves inferior in strength, but solely to avoid a public outbreak, and a scene of greater scandal to the place than already existed. After considerable persuasion, he agreed to our arrangement, and he departed entirely unobserved. At sunrise the carriage was at the door; and surrounded by a number of friends, I led Mrs. Gallatin and her children to the coach. It was probably expected that Mr. Gallatin would follow, but when we entered and the carriage door was shut, great manifestations of disappointment were made by shouting, playing the Rogue's March, and setting the effigy on fire, which was carried on the run for a short distance alongside. The speed of our horses, however, soon got us clear of this shameful molestation. We soon crossed the Schuylkill at Zanzinger's Ferry, and joined Mr. Gallatin at the Big Spring, where he was awaiting us under painful anxiety. During the whole of this trying scene Mrs. Gallatin behaved with much fortitude and prudence; and I feel bound to testify that no personal considerations or fear actuated Mr. Gallatin to adopt the plan we proposed, but that he acceded to it, at our suggestion, solely with the view to prevent a greater increase of tumult than already existed. I returned with the horse Mr. Gallatin rode, and thus ended this disgraceful affair. Mr. Gallatin is still alive (1844), and resides in the State of New York; and although between eighty and ninety years of age, is in the enjoyment of such physical and mental abilities, and his judgment and experience are held in such high esteem, that he is consulted on all great financial questions, without regard to party politics."

This affair with Albert Gallatin was not the only amusing political episode of Mr. Grotjan's visit to Reading. In the spring of 1798 he returned to Philadelphia. He had been there but a few months when the yellow fever again broke out.

"Every one who could make it possible fled from the city, and the deaths amongst the remainder had nearly reached one hundred victims a day. Still I felt no alarm for my own safety. Two of my friends, Mr. Philipson and Mr. Alsop, a Quaker, were seized with the disease at an early period, and I visited them twice a day. At last, the wharves being deserted, all warehouses and counting-rooms in my neighborhood being shut up, the banking houses removing to the neighboring villages, and the pestilence making its appearance next door to our boarding-house, my friends urged me to quit the city. My arrangements were soon made. I engaged a seat in the Reading stage-coach, and presented myself there on the following morning at five o'clock. To my surprise, I found the stage perfectly crowded, and no possibility of obtaining a seat. I left my trunk at the office, with orders to have it secured on board the stage for the following morning, whilst I took lodgings in a neighboring hotel, in order to be in time. I was ready at four o'clock A. M., an hour before the time; but although I saw my trunk secured, there was not the space of a foot to accommodate my body. I found that such was the panic and eagerness to leave the city that the seats had been filled in the evening, and defended by the occupants during the whole night. At that period I was young, vigorous, and full of animation. I had always been a remarkable pedestrian, and was more fond of walking than riding. Seeing my positive disappointment, and knowing that my trunk was safe on board, I determined without hesitation to walk to Reading."

Having arrived there without adventure, he was followed a few days later by three intimate friends. They, too, had been compelled to walk, and one of them arrived in a state of exhaustion. "The moment I

looked in his face," says Mr. Grotjan, "I saw that he was attacked by the fever. His face was highly flushed, his eyes red and quivering, and his strength greatly prostrated. He hardly said anything, except that he felt fatigued and wanted rest, and we soon after placed him in a chamber with a single bed. I called on Dr. Stroebel, and requested him to call that evening, and he had no hesitation in pronouncing it a malignant case of yellow fever." The panic of Philadelphia now seized upon Reading. The hotel in which the sick man lay was instantly deserted. The landlord then insisted on his removal. A room in an outhouse was secured, but in three days the man was a corpse. "I visited him," says Mr. Grotjan, "every day, and was with him when he died. Dr. Stroebel, a German minister of the Gospel, and myself were the only persons who followed him to the grave." Fortunately, the fever did not become epidemic, and the excitement in Reading soon subsided.

Not wishing to remain idle, Mr. Grotjan made a tour into the valley of the Susquehanna. In the course of this journey he fell in with Dr. Priestley, and the few lines about him are not without interest.

"In due time I arrived at Sunbury, where the noble river Susquehanna branches in two streams, on one of which, nearly opposite to Sunbury, lies the town and borough of Northumberland. I had many friends in both places, visited them alternately, and remained there about ten days. Some years previous, when the famous and learned Dr. Priestley was obliged to fly from England for opinion's sake, he came to this country, purchased a tract of land in Northumberland county, and a house in the town, where he resided when I arrived there in 1798. His sons cultivated the farm, one of whom was married and had children. I was introduced to this venerable philosopher, and spent some days with him. He had a splendid library, and his philosophical and mathematical instruments were many and of the first order. During my stay I visited his farm, accompanied by one of his sons, who introduced me to his wife and children. It was remark-

able to observe that, although the doctor lived in a very handsome style in Sunbury, his son lived in a much more primitive manner on the farm. It is true, there was plenty everywhere, but the style and manner had conformed itself greatly to the habits of backwoods farmers. He and his little boys, for instance, would work and run about all day barefooted and bare-headed, without seeming to mind it. I spent my time very agreeably, and should have thought the trouble of my journey well rewarded, by making this interesting acquaintance, if no other business had induced me to undertake it."

Not till the end of October did Mr. Grotjan think it prudent to return to Philadelphia, and he then found on all sides the saddest evidences of the city's affliction. "It was a painful and melancholy scene on my return, to lament with the bereaved the loss of relatives and friends who had fallen victims to the scourging pestilence." Winter and spring passed, and again for the third year in succession the yellow fever attacked Philadelphia in 1799. All citizens who could afford it hastened to leave the city, and Mr. Grotjan with a party of friends started on horseback for an extended tour through Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia. The incidents of this journey are set forth at length in the memoirs, but I will merely quote here the description of the appearance of Washington city in 1799:

"We dined at Alexandria, and embarked towards evening in a boat for the city of Washington. This city was at that time in its earliest infancy. The main street to Georgetown, Pennsylvania Avenue, and a few other streets near Capitol Hill were very scantily inhabited, and consisted of blocks of houses of from three to seven buildings, at great intervals. People described their location thus: 'I live in the third house of the seven buildings.' The central building, or rotunda of the capitol, the President's house, the land, war, and post offices, were nearly finished, and were expected to be so far completed as to receive Congress and the officers of Government in the year 1800, which was the time fixed by law for Congress

to assemble in that city. The remaining part of Washington, at that time, was waste ground, fields, bushes, and woods. We arrived a little before dark at the ferry, near where the navy yard is now located, and were put on a road which was said to lead to Capitol Hill. We walked on leisurely until dark, expecting every moment to see the capitol. We met not a living soul, and followed the road until we were certain there was not a vestige of a town or city around us. What could we do? We hunted for a habitation, and at length found a small house, where we procured a guide to conduct us to the hotel at the foot of Capitol Hill, from which we were more than a mile and a half distant. It was amusing to see the politeness with which we were received. The house was large and stately, and the establishment was formed on an extensive scale, in anticipation of the coming year. The landlord asked with great suavity what we would choose for supper, to which I answered that we were not particular, and he might prepare whatever was most convenient. This would not answer, and he requested us to make our choice. I thought this looked too much like mock grandeur; and wishing to punish him, I named, in rotation, about a dozen uncommon dishes, such as pheasants, woodcock, venison, oyster-pies, all of which he had politely to refuse, and ultimately to offer a fricassee chicken and ham and eggs. On the following day we viewed the capitol and public buildings, and returned by water to Alexandria, where we took our horses and went to Georgetown. From there we returned by easy stages to Philadelphia."

At this period in Mr. Grotjan's history the name of Aaron Burr makes its first appearance on the pages of his memoirs. Chance made him a participator in the secret history of that notorious politician; but it is not so much in the character of a crafty intriguer as in that of a knight-errant defending injured womanhood, that Burr appears in the following episode:

"In the summer of 1800, Messrs. Edward Addicks and Frederick Brower, two particu-

lar friends of mine, rented some rooms at a farm-house on the banks of the Schuylkill, near the Falls, with a family of the name of Culp, in order to enjoy the summer afternoons and evenings at this rural and truly romantic retreat. I often visited them there, and spent many a delightful evening and Sunday. It appeared that a lady of very retired habits also had rooms there, and a permanent residence for the summer. I had not yet seen her, and it appeared that Messrs. Addicks and Brower met her only at the dinner-table. However, I was shortly afterwards introduced to her; and one evening a walk on the banks of the river was proposed. She went by the name of Mrs. Clement, was remarkably handsome, and particularly interesting, in consequence of a shade of melancholy visible in her countenance. She was well bred and well informed, and although of a rather romantic turn of mind, she was free from affectation or pretensions. The acquaintance of this charming person was a great acquisition to our social circle. But notwithstanding the great propriety of her conduct, there was a mystery attached to her situation and lonely seclusion, well calculated to awaken the curiosity of persons of our age. Messrs. Addicks and Brower, who had more frequent opportunities to converse with her than myself, had learned that her history was somehow or other connected with that of Aaron Burr and General Hamilton; but further than that, their knowledge did not extend.

"Having shortly before read a pamphlet published by General Hamilton, in justification of some bitter political controversy between him and Aaron Burr, in which Hamilton exposed the character of a Mr. Reynolds and his wife, but especially traduced the reputation of the surviving widow of Mr. Reynolds in the most glaring manner, the idea struck me that this lady might be Mrs. Reynolds, under the assumed name of Clement. Without communicating my impressions to her or to any one else, I notwithstanding had many opportunities during our conversations to allude to various parts of her history, as if speaking of another

person. I frequently perceived her surprise, and found that she gave me credit for more knowledge of her affairs than I actually possessed. My uniformly friendly and delicate conduct towards her had won her regard; and one evening, when alone, with a flood of tears she begged my friendship and confidence. She said she felt herself irresistibly impelled to make me acquainted with her sad history; and if my advice could not better her condition, my sympathy would assuage her sorrows. She then gave me an outline of her history up to the time of our conversation, which I will endeavor to relate as faithfully as the lapse of forty-four years will permit.

"She informed me that her maiden name was Maria Lewis; that she was born in New York, and was married when very young to a Mr. Reynolds. This person was an active politician of the Federal party, and as such, the friend and coadjutor of Hamilton, deeply initiated in all the intricacies of political maneuvering, and employed by the General in the execution of various plans. In the mean time Hamilton became deeply enamored of the charms of the beautiful Maria, and succeeded in seducing her affections from her husband. His various political maneuvers did not remain unobserved by the sagacious Aaron Burr, who sought the acquaintance of Mr. Reynolds, whom he by some means convinced of his political errors. The consequence was a disagreement between Reynolds and Hamilton, which ended in breaking up their connection, and throwing the weight of Reynolds's secret knowledge into the scale of Aaron Burr. Hamilton and Burr, both men of powerful intellect, both crafty and ambitious, had been for years political opponents, and this new circumstance greatly widened the breach, and increased their personal dislike.

"Mr. Reynolds, however, soon afterwards died, and left his widow with one small child, a daughter named Susan. In due time she consoled herself for the loss of her husband by marrying a gentleman of the name of Clement. Of this person she gave

me very little information, except that he got into great pecuniary difficulties, and left her and the child without protection. She stated that she had never heard of him since. From that moment Mr. Burr befriended her, and extended his support to her and her child for many years. In 1799, some political scheme of General Hamilton having been counteracted and foiled by the tactics of Aaron Burr, and several severe animadversions having appeared in the public prints against the General, he published in pamphlet form a refutation, wherein he exposed his intrigue with Maria Reynolds in colors the most glaring. Depicting the character of Reynolds as base and unprincipled, he accused him of having been privy to his intimacy with Maria, and did not spare Aaron Burr's character as a political maneuverer. This pamphlet created considerable sensation, but was a death-blow to the reputation and prospects of the unfortunate Maria. Dragged so ungenerously before the public by her seducer, pointed at as a vile prostitute, her situation was lamentable in the highest degree. Shame and remorse nearly annihilated her; and but for the assistance of Aaron Burr, she would have fallen an early victim of despair. At this period of her story, which I have greatly condensed, she was so overcome by agonizing feelings that she could not proceed for many minutes.

"Under these dreadful circumstances, Mr. Burr provided a place of education and board for the child in Boston, under her mother's maiden name as Susan Lewis, and advised Mrs. Clement to retire for a while to some other place in the deepest seclusion and privacy. She followed this advice, removed privately to Philadelphia, and lodged with a poor but respectable widow whom she had known in the days of her prosperity, until she accidentally heard of the family of Mrs. Culp, and their retired situation on the banks of the Schuylkill, where she expected to remain secluded and unobserved during the summer. She added that her leisure time had been devoted to writing a pamphlet in answer to that of Hamilton, in which she

had given a faithful history of the arts and wiles employed by him for her ruin. This pamphlet she had placed in the hands of Mr. William Duane, editor of the Philadelphia "Aurora," for publication, and it was her desire and request that I should peruse it. I made several efforts to that effect, but could not obtain it. Mr. Duane stated that in the event of certain political movements it should be published, but before that time he did not wish to communicate the contents to anybody. It was never published. Thus passed the summer of 1800, at the close of which Mrs. Clement returned to the humble dwelling of her friend, and I only heard from her occasionally.

"I discovered, however, at the beginning of the next year (1801), that the situation and pecuniary circumstances of Maria Clement were very embarrassing and precarious, and I offered my services to make her circumstances known to Mr. Burr. This formed the commencement of my correspondence with that celebrated person. Whatever may have been the failings of Aaron Burr, I have always found him to be a man of a humane and generous disposition towards those who suffered. He shortly afterwards visited Philadelphia, and sent me an invitation to see him at the Indian Queen, in Fourth Street. I found him a lively and very agreeable man in conversation. He informed me that the daughter of Maria, then about fourteen years of age, whom he had placed at a seminary in Boston, with the assistance of some of his friends in that city, under the name of Susan Lewis, had informed him that she was very anxious to see her mother; but under present circumstances this could not be with propriety effected, unless she could be respectably introduced into society without revealing her parental history. I was fully impressed with the existence of these difficulties, but still felt desirous to gratify her innocent and natural wish, if it could be done with propriety and safety to the persons immediately interested. Mr. Burr suggested the following plan, which we subsequently successfully executed: He said that on his return to New York he

would address me a letter over the signature of Mr. Brown, member of the House of Representatives, informing me that his niece, Miss Susan Lewis, wished to pay a visit to Philadelphia during his stay in Congress at Washington; that he wished to gratify her, greatly preferring Philadelphia to the new seat of Government, provided board for her in a respectable private family could be obtained, and especially if there should be one or two young ladies of her own age in the family, and I would consent to be her guardian and protector during her visit. On receipt of this letter, I went to Mrs. Vanderpool, an elderly widow residing with her daughter, a charming young girl of fifteen, in whose family I was intimate, and communicated to her the request of my friend Mr. Brown of New York. After a few objections on the score of never having entertained boarders, she consented to receive Susan Lewis in her family, and treat her as a daughter until the return of her uncle. Some short time previous to this event, Maria Clement had consented to superintend the household affairs of a celebrated old French doctor of the name of M——, who had been made acquainted with her history, and her situation was comparatively much more respectable and comfortable than before.

"Matters being all arranged and settled by correspondence, I met Susan Lewis for the first time on her arrival at the house of Dr. M——, and could not help admiring her youthful beauty and polished manners. I soon introduced her into the family of Mrs. Vanderpool, where she was in a short time made acquainted with nearly all my friends, and became the admired favorite of everybody. Her modest and easy conduct won for her that personal respect to which her supposed relationship entitled her. Thus matters proceeded to the satisfaction and delight of all, Susan having unrestrained opportunities to visit her mother without creating the slightest suspicion of any relationship between them, until a circumstance occurred which placed me in a difficult and unpleasant situation, and came near deranging all our contrivances.

"It is not surprising that a young lady so beautiful and interesting should find admirers and conquer hearts. This was the case with Susan; but her youth had made me suppose that a proposal of marriage was out of the question. In this, however, I found myself egregiously mistaken. During her visits to the families of Markland, Heiss, Eckstein, Proctor, Kidd, Bailey, von Phul, and others, she had become acquainted with a number of young gentlemen, one of whom, named McCoy, both handsome and agreeable, became so deeply enamored that he made her a declaration of love and proposal of marriage. Deeply embarrassed as she felt in consequence of her mysterious situation, she had nevertheless the prudence to refer him to me as her temporary guardian, and before he could see me on the subject, appointed me to meet her and her mother at Dr. M——'s. I was greatly embarrassed, but told them there was but one course to pursue, namely: that I, under promise of secrecy, should make Mr. McCoy acquainted with so much of the history of her mother as I should deem proper for the occasion. This I did, and although he desisted from a further pursuit of his courtship, he honorably kept the secret inviolate. It was now near the end of the session of Congress, and according to previous arrangements, I received a letter from my friend Mr. Brown, informing me that he was prevented from returning home by way of Philadelphia, and begging me to inform him whether it was in my power to make such arrangements as to send his niece under proper protection to New York at an appointed time. I communicated this letter to Susan, and of course the Vanderpool family and other friends became acquainted with its contents. My arrangements were made accordingly, and I appointed my clerk, Mr. Niess, as her protector and conductor to New York, of which office he was not a little proud.

"Thus ended this curious adventure, unsuspected and undiscovered by any persons except the few who were originally in the secret. It is true, I was sometimes closely interrogated by Mrs. Markland, a quick-

witted, sprightly, and intelligent lady; but by not pretending to have any secret, I succeeded in satisfying her on every point. I have frequently reflected on the part I acted in this drama, and have asked myself whether the duplicity I displayed on this occasion was honorable or excusable; and I have always come to the conclusion that it was the fault of organized society, which sometimes makes deception necessary for the protection of innocent persons who would otherwise become victims to society's prejudices. Susan Lewis went again to Boston, corresponded with me as a sister would with an elder brother, and was shortly afterwards married to a Mr. Wright. Her mother, as the wife of Dr. M——, lived for many years as a respected married lady, and I remained until her death her true and disinterested friend.

"More than a year after the events just described, in December, 1802, I sent a cargo of about twelve thousand dollars' worth of goods to Alexandria, in the District of Columbia, and I was obliged to leave Philadelphia, in order to attend to the sale of my cargo, for fully three months. During this period of time Congress was in session, and as my business called me weekly to Georgetown, I spent a considerable part of my time in Washington, particularly with Aaron Burr, then Vice-President of the United States. He kept an establishment in Washington suitable to his rank, and professed for me much personal friendship; and as I resided in Alexandria, if I failed to visit Washington in the course of three or four days, I was certain to receive a note from him, requesting me to come over and see him. Being a man of the greatest conversational talents, he entertained me with the most interesting parts of his life, but particularly with those events of the French Revolution, and that of San Domingo, in which he had had an opportunity to be of service to sufferers, especially where ladies were the objects of distress. He showed me a most splendid oil-painting of a very beautiful French lady of rank, whose family were guillotined under Robespierre, for whom he had procured an asylum

with his daughter, Mrs. Alston, whose portrait he also kept by him. I ceased to have any intercourse with Mr. Burr in after years. Like most great men, the traits of his character were prominent in good as well as in highly censurable deeds."

In order to follow this entertaining recital, which brings Mr. Grotjan's history down to the end of the year 1802, it has been necessary to omit some highly interesting pages of his memoirs. I propose, therefore, to turn back a few pages, and transcribe the vivid sketch of Jerome Bonaparte which is included with the chronicles of 1801.

"This was the year when Jerome, youngest brother of Napoleon Buonaparte, visited this country. I met him accidentally one morning at Peale's Museum, where he had been taken by Commodore Barney of Baltimore, who was his constant attendant. Being personally acquainted with the Commodore, he introduced me to him. He was of middle stature, and I judged him then to be about twenty years of age. His face was more of a feminine than manly beauty, his mouth handsome, and his chin strongly marked and round. His person possessed grace without much dignity; in short, there was nothing of greatness or nobleness about it. His manners were gay and his movements quick. A machine had lately been invented for taking profiles, called the physiognotrace, which excited much attention, and was exhibited in the museum. Jerome had a parcel of his profiles taken, and presented me with a copy, which, amongst others, I preserved for many years. In the year 1803 I saw him several times in Baltimore, his permanent place of residence, where he was courted and feasted by all the patrician families; and various schemes of matrimonial alliance were formed by the beauties of the Monumental City. Amongst the most prominent rivals were the daughter of Luther Martin, a very eminent counselor at law, and Miss Patterson, the daughter of a wealthy merchant. When in Baltimore, I used to put up at the Fountain Inn, which was immediately opposite to Luther Martin's house, and I had an opportunity to observe the little

arts of Miss Martin to attract the attention of Buonaparte. He used to take morning drives between ten and eleven o'clock, in Commodore Barney's phaeton, accompanied by that old and notorious gallant. I observed Miss Martin, from my window, make her appearance, for several days, in full dress, at the front door of her house about ten o'clock, occasionally taking a short turn up and down the pavement. Barney's phaeton would come in sight at the corner; Buonaparte, seeing Miss Martin, would naturally alight, having become acquainted with her at all fashionable parties, pay his respects to her, inquire after her health, and promenade with her for fifteen or twenty minutes. But it all would not do. Miss Patterson was the successful candidate, and they were married. It is a remarkable circumstance, which I cannot omit to mention, that at this period, amongst the wealthy citizens of our seaport towns, the rage to cultivate alliances with foreign noblemen was so great that our untitled native young men stood but a poor chance to gain the affections of the stars of society. Not long after this marriage, when on a visit to Baltimore, I was invited, on St. Patrick's Day, to a ball in the Assembly Room, where for the last time I met Mr. and Mrs. Buonaparte. The fashion in regard to the female dress of that period differed widely from the present modest and becoming attire. The hair was artificially curled all around, and the neck and breast exposed to an almost incredible degree. I can safely aver that the garments of Mrs. Buonaparte and others, from the waist upwards, would hardly have been sufficient to furnish materials for a pair of gloves, abating the Brussels lace which covered the lower part of the breast. The party was very fashionable, but agreeable and unrestrained. Mrs. Buonaparte retired shortly after twelve o'clock, but Jerome and the rest of the company danced until after three. This was the last I ever saw of them. They shortly afterwards embarked for Europe. Napoleon repudiated the alliance. Jerome became King of Westphalia, and married the daughter of the King of Wurtemberg. The former Miss Patterson, deserted by her

husband, took refuge in England, where she gave birth to a son, and returned, a few months later, to her father's house in Baltimore."

With no statesman in the early history of the country did Mr. Grotjan enjoy a closer friendship than with Thomas Jefferson; but the necessity of bringing this long article to a close compels me simply to indicate the beginning of this friendship.

"In 1803, through Aaron Burr, then Vice-President of the United States, I made the acquaintance of Thomas Jefferson, to whom he introduced me shortly after my arrival in Washington. In this great, good, and wise patriot I found realized all the expectations I had formed from the veneration in which he was held by the whole Democratic party of the Union, from the merits of his works and writings, from the sublime and sacred spirit which pervades his unequalled Declaration of Independence, and from the bitter enmity and venom which the British Tories and American Federalists poured over his devoted head. He was at that time about sixty years of age, above the middle size, but of spare figure. There was much benevolence and dignity in his looks and conduct, and the simplicity of his dress and manners was truly republican. It appeared to me that every action of his life and every object of his pursuits had a tendency to benefit his fellow-men, to elevate and enlighten their minds, and, in short, to disseminate such principles as would fit the nation for the high purposes of self-government. Such was the kindness and urbanity of his conduct, that, although a young man with no claims upon his attention, I felt myself perfectly unembarrassed in his society."

Passing over the records of many years, I will now bring these extracts to an end, by citing an episode in Mr. Grotjan's intercourse with Andrew Jackson.

"In 1833, General Jackson, then President of the United States, was invited by leading Democrats to visit the city of Philadelphia. The invitation was accepted. At a Democratic meeting held on the subject of his reception, I was appointed a member of

the committee of arrangements, and subsequently, by that body, appointed a member of the committee of reception. He arrived at the navy-yard in the presence of an immense concourse of people. I was nearly crushed to death, with other members of the committee, before we could reach our carriage and form the train of escort that was to conduct General Jackson and his suite to the apartments provided for them at the Indian Queen Hotel, in Fourth Street. The chairman of our committee was my particular friend Henry Horn, who, with myself and others, had battled in the cause of this great warrior and statesman ever since the year 1822. With Chandler Price, Wilson Taylor, Henry S. Hughes, and some others, we were the very first who brought his name forward as a candidate for the presidency two years before the second term of President Monroe had expired; and we unitedly had formed and established the famous Hickory Club No. 1, in the city of Philadelphia, which, with its innumerable branches, proved ultimately a powerful accessory to his success. Every attention was shown him by the committee of reception; and besides visiting all the remarkable places in and near our city, a public procession took place, which, for splendor and enthusiasm, left nothing to be desired. In this procession the old hero chose to appear on a noble horse, simply dressed, and wearing a broad-brimmed gray hat, which, during the whole length of the procession, he held in his hand, waving it constantly to the thousands of ladies who greeted him on the route, as a mark of respect for their courtesy and enthusiasm. He rode immediately in front of the committee of arrangements, who followed him in a long train of barouches and four. The weather being very warm, fears were entertained that the fatigue of the immensely long route of the procession would oppress him, and perhaps injure his health. Several proposals were therefore made to him to shorten the published route, which the old hero peremptorily refused, saying, 'Not an inch of the published route must be shortened, as I owe the same civility to my fellow-citizens in the

Liberties and suburbs as I do to my friends in the city.' That day he gained the hearts of thousands who had before opposed him; but the hearts of the ladies he took by storm. Never have I heard more lively expressions of admiration for any man than on this occasion and during the few days he remained amongst us. His suavity, his urbanity, and his majestic but entirely unaffected bearing conquered all opposition, and drew from the ladies unbounded expressions of admiration and filial regard. If this was the case with the majority of the people, the conduct of the authorities of the city—namely, of the Mayor, and of the Select and Common Council—was far different. This body of officers, being genuine Federalists of the John Adams school, were not guilty of one act of public respect towards General Jackson. They neither appointed a committee to receive the President, nor invited him to be addressed by them at Independence Hall, which on all former and subsequent occasions was customary, as a mark of respect to eminent men, but particularly to the Presidents of the United States. The Hall of Independence, however, was obtained by the committee of citizens for one day, for the purpose of general intercourse and manifestations of respect for the chief magistrate of the nation. But the deep hatred of some of the city functionaries did not stop there. On the day of the procession before mentioned, when we passed the house of John Swift, then mayor of Philadelphia, we found him standing at the window, and alongside of him his invited guest, the bloody Indian chief Black Hawk, who had for years past indiscriminately murdered the men, women, and children of our border settlers, until he had been finally conquered by General Jackson, who thus effected a lasting peace with Black Hawk's savages. I do not mention this outrage on decency in malice. I have been personally acquainted with Colonel Swift for many years, and, saving his unmitigated rancor against democracy, have found him in personal intercourse an agreeable companion.

"The evening before the departure of

General Jackson, I took the opportunity of introducing to him my son Thomas Jefferson, then about eleven years of age, who presented to the General the letter of advice received at his birth from the great and wise Patriarch of Democracy, with the request that he would add a few sentiments of his own to that invaluable letter. This was in the audience room of the hotel. General Jackson soon afterwards retired, and in about fifteen minutes sent the original letter back, on which he had written his own sentiments and signature. The paper then read as follows, the first part in the handwriting of Jefferson, the second in that of Jackson:

"Th: Jefferson to Th: Jefferson Grotjan.

"Your affectionate mother requests that I would address to you, as a namesake, something which might have a favorable influence on the course of life you have to run. Few words are necessary with good dispositions on your part. Adore God. Reverence and cherish your parents. Love your neighbor as yourself, and your country more than life. Be just,

be true, murmur not at the ways of Providence, and the life into which you have entered will be the passage to one of eternal and ineffable bliss. And if to the dead it is permitted to care for the things of this world, every action of your life will be under my regard. Farewell.

"MONTICELLO, Jan. 10, '24.

"Although requested by Mr. Grotjan, yet I can add nothing to the admirable advice given to his son by that virtuous patriot and enlightened statesman, Thomas Jefferson. The precious relic which he sent to the young child contains the purest morality and inculcates the noblest sentiments. I can only recommend a rigid adherence to them. They will carry him through life safely and respectably; and what is far better, they will carry him through death triumphantly; and we may humbly trust they will secure to all who, in principle and practice, adopt them that crown of immortality described in the Holy Scriptures.

"ANDREW JACKSON.

"PHILADELPHIA, June 9, 1833."

"General Jackson left the city on the following day, and from that time till his decease I did not see him again."

ALFRED A. WHEELER.

ARAB SONG.

O my steed, my faithful Fahra,
To my soul than wine more dear,
Draw thou near;
Tremble not, for thou my secret
Need not fear.

Thou dost know, O friend most faithful,
To an Arab heart that love
Is no glove—
Eagle feathers are not shaken
Like a dove.

Something quaffed I at the fountain,
Where we of the water drank
Poison rank—
Fatal love for paltry beauty
Of a Frank.

See! afar lieth the desert;
Bear me thence swift as the deer,
Far from here
Let us die, we and our secret,
No one near.

MARGARET RHETT.

WANDERING JOE.

ONE of my earliest recollections is that of Captain Ease. My family lived at Leavenworth City, two miles from the garrison of Fort Leavenworth, during the most troublous times of the Civil War. Absurd as it may appear, I think every woman at the hotel where we boarded felt a sense of security in the presence among us of several Federal officers. I remember once saying, when a raid by Price was anticipated, "I'll tell Captain Ease to kill old Mr. Price if he comes around here." They laughed, but I think my baby confidence found an echo in most of their hearts.

Certainly the appearance of Captain Ease was calculated to inspire confidence in his valor and prowess. I have learned since that he was rather short than tall; then he appeared to me gigantic, as he went about the piazzas and corridors with martial gait, sword clanking and spurs jingling.

But despite his epaulets and rank, despite his fine bearing and leonine head, despite his unfailing courtesy and his courage, vaunted on every side, Captain Ease was not a popular man—

"For over all there hung a cloud of fear,
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted."

Men—his brother officers—told strange stories of his moods of gloom and despair; how, at times, night after night his room was empty, while across the Esplanade, over the Reserve, and out for miles along the country roads, forest, and flat, echoed the mad, flying hoof-beats of his black horse Pluto. Again, it was whispered that occupants of apartments near him would sometimes awaken, shivering with the lingering horror of wild cries still ringing from the soldier's room; then all night long heavy footfalls would go wearily to and fro across the floor, bearing a weight of woe or pain.

Some, more curious than courteous, questioned Captain Ease's younger brother; but

fair, frank Lieutenant Charlie was fain to confess an ignorance matching their own, albeit his young face blanched with distress at mention of his brother's sorrow.

Whatever the cause, he bore a curse heavy as the burden of the Wandering Jew—the curse of a troubled and unquiet spirit. If ever officer was needed for a perilous mission, Captain Ease was a volunteer; his men found themselves led into the thick of every fray; his stern face and tawny hair loomed foremost in the speeding of every forlorn hope; but no bullet carried a welcome fatal summons for him, no bayonet-thrust or saber-cut opened a door of escape for the soul that loathed the prison-house. Wounded again and again, he always rallied, to live over the same old horror, to plunge into wild orgies and terrible unmerry revels of excess, seeking ever to drown his trouble.

Years passed: older now, but still a child, I stood in a swallow-haunted doorway in a Mexican port, and heard my kinsman speaking to his wife. His voice blended with the dash of breakers on the near sands and with the rustle of cocoa-palms overhead.

"He may come as a traveler and our countryman; he may come as a sashed and sandaled *arriero*; he may come in the cassock or gown of a French priest; but however he may come, he will make himself known to you, and do you give him of your best."

I approached them with wonder. "Who is coming?"

My kinsman frowned with annoyance. "What? Have *you* heard?"

Knowing my persistency, he replied: "A friend of mine, on a diplomatic mission requiring secrecy and disguise. See that you are silent concerning him. *Who?* O, you don't know him. Well, if you must know his name—Captain Ease."

That afternoon my kinsman took me for a stroll to the *Muelle*, built by the French during their occupation, and falling into disuse since their departure. When we came opposite the long, low, corridor buildings of the *Aduana*, ominous sounds floated toward us from the wharf; shouts went up; shots were fired; dark forms swayed and surged; bronzed arms waved in air the murderous, gleaming *machete*, favorite weapon of the lower orders. Then all the strollers on the plaza—the indolent, ease-loving populace—turned about, and fled up toward us, shrieking, "*Borrego! ay, Dios! un Borrego!*" It was the outbreak of one of the petty revolutions perpetually convulsing that unhappy republic.

Borne along with the rushing crowd, we were pressed against the door of one of the few American houses established at the port. The agent, discovering us, opened the door and drew us in.

"But—but I want to see!" I cried, as he barred the shutters.

He hesitated and laughed.

"I don't know but she may as well," he replied to my kinsman's protest; "pluck, this little lady! Look sharp, though, for a stray bullet or a carving *machete*. *Gringos* are below par in these little transactions."

I pressed close against the iron bars, and looked out on the furious mob, maddened with physical excitement and the sight of blood, like some fierce beast unchained.

Along came a group of *cargadores*—water-carriers, fishermen, what not.

"*Viva Guerra!*"

"*Viva Rocha!*"

"*Placido Vega a la muerte!*"

"*Ah, que Corona!*"

Something in the intonation of this last cry caught my practiced ear; the accent was not native—it rung false.

The man looked up as he came near the window; the sight of open shutters framing a girl was rare in such times of terror. His embroidered shirt, worn outside the wide cotton trousers, his broad hat, his raw-hide sandals, were like the garb of any lower-class man, and his face was bronzed like theirs;

but Mexican never lived with eyes like his, blue and sharp as the points of fine steel daggers. The rush of incompleted recollection stunned me; I stepped back. My kinsman's face, full of startled recognition, was towards the window.

Then I remembered.

"Ah! *there* is your Captain Ease!"

He lifted a warning hand.

"Hush!"

I was in tribulation; rarely indecision finds me out, but it mocked me here. In my hand was a letter from a friend—the friend of years. He had given me a commission hard to execute. Things had changed since we parted; how was he to know that, of the three people whose testimony he would have me secure, one had come to lie in a felon's cell, and another tenanted one of the vilest dens in the reeking purlieu of Los Angeles? Yet these people must be sought, and now. "I depend on you to do it," he wrote, "knowing your loyalty; for it is a case of more than life or death: it means honor or dishonor."

But what shameful tales of suspicion and scandal might lap about me, if I, a young girl, went into these questionable quarters of the town!

Some one spoke my name, as I swung irresolutely on Temple corner. No one I knew was near. A man crouching on the curbstone rose up, and came and stood before me humbly, hat in hand.

"Dear young lady," he said, "let me do your behest. Give me that paper you want carried into the jail, and I will bring it back to you signed. And I will find Jane Reade, as well."

"But what do you mean," I cried; "what do you know?"

"I know all," he said: "if your friend had known of my presence here, you would have been spared this hard test: I should have had it then; let me do it now. Give me the paper, and give me a piece of money, as well, as if I begged of you, for I am a disreputable figure to stand near you. Nay," he said, with a look at my slender purse, "but a

small coin—a small one. I am not in want, whatever I seem."

I gave him the paper and the money. He moved away with all the abandon of the tramp's gait. A block away Detective Harris stood. I went to him swiftly.

"Who is that man—quick!—with the old army jacket?"

"That? O, he is a vagrant—his name is Brown. Only here a week; has he annoyed you?"

"No, O no; not at all."

That night my paper came back thoroughly indorsed.

"Now what can I do for you?" I asked the ragged figure. "I don't know why I trusted you to-day; but then, evidently you knew the circumstances—"

"Yes. I need nothing. Look at me."

For the first time, he raised his eyes to mine. Intensely blue, with a light like focused sun rays in deep sea-waters. Once more I knew the man.

"No, do not give me your stainless hand. I dare not touch it—now, less than ever. Since I last saw you—Oh, God help me!—I have slain my brother. You remember Charlie—frank, fair Charlie? Listen—I believe you are a Christian woman—pray for him, pray for me!"

He was gone; far down the hard track of the avenue I heard his fleeing footsteps.

After the junction of the Southern Pacific and the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé railroads, I came into the Territories on the second eastward-bound train. Sick, worn, weary, I left the rail at a station in southwestern New Mexico. My escort steadied me.

"Patience a little longer," he said kindly. "Soon the stage will start."

He put me into the great lumbering vehicle. Outside, a motley throng clustered about the driver—a broad-shouldered man, facing from me, swearing furiously at the plunging mules. Rough clad, he wore a broad belt, full set with cartridges, balanced by a revolver on either side—the traditional driver of the frontier.

Away we went across the wide, unbroken flat, stretching three leagues beyond the station. The wind sighed drearily over the short, scant grass; bristling plants of Spanish bayonet took the resemblance of squadrons of grisly warriors. The wild mules labored heavily through stretches of sand, or bounded over better bits of road, while the coach lurched and pitched and creaked and groaned dismally.

"I wish we may go safely through," said my escort. "This driver is not the regular man. George was taken sick suddenly, and this chap volunteered to take his place. I don't know who he is. Very irregular on the agent's part."

The long lash of the whip was dangling near the wheel; it caught in the whirling spokes, jerked from the driver's hand, and the heavy wheels passed over its stock. Down sprung the driver with frightful oaths.

"Yes, it will," he answered an outside passenger. "It will make an infernal sight of difference. It will take us two hours longer to go through the Burro Mountains now."

"Just where the Indians may jump us," I cried; "can't we mend your whip? Will a string do any good?"

"A string!" Volumes of contemptuous disdain spoke in his face.

He glanced at me derisively. His face changed; he shivered with apprehension. The pseudo-driver was Captain Ease. Unnerved by illness and fear, I still kept his counsel. Seeing I knew and did not betray him, he was re-assured.

"You might try."

"Hand in your whip."

I drew out the long strong laces of my high boots; another lady in the coach paid similar tribute; my escort and I wrapped and spliced the splintered stock to usefulness again. Two pairs of boots gaped slatternly, two pairs of hands bore great welts and smarting, blistered fingers; but the whip served, and we came into Silver with never a sight of Indian or road-agent.

"Queer about that driver," said my quondam escort, a week or two later.

"The agent tells me he disappeared as soon as the stage stopped."

"Did they search the saloons?" I asked disingenuously.

"O, he didn't get his pay."

For years I have heard of Wandering Joe. All over this western country I have connections—relatives or friends. From them all I hear of a strange, mysterious creature, who roams the wilds, solitary and fearless. From humid Oregon they write: "Wandering Joe has been here. You ought to see him—a character after your own heart—'material' worth using. Never sleeps near a house; never speaks to a woman; lives no one knows how; the queerest vagabond trudging." One sends me a photograph of the chieftain Satanta's camp; under a detached figure in the foreground is penciled "Wandering Joe." The picture is dim, and I can distinguish only his outlines. From the isolated valleys of Idaho, from the mining camps of Montana, from villages of Utah, from Texan towns, comes mention of this nomad.

Last week I had a letter from one of the clan at Clifton: "Come over by next stage. Wandering Joe is here, strange as ever. Strangest of all, he knows you are at Silver, and wants to see you. I write at his request." So I took the hard three days' trip into Arizona.

In the gloaming, my clansman went down to the river to fetch Joe. I sat on the doorstep, looking down at the furnaces, where tons on tons of copper ore were smelting. Up the tall chimney shafts rushed volumes of inky smoke, shot with tongues of crimson and yellow, of purple and green and blue, leaping, writhing, lapping. Now and then, when the furnace doors were opened, floods of sparks belched out on the night. Half-naked figures of Mexican workmen darted about, like silhouette gnomes. Ghostly, spectral, demoniac, was that unearthly scene.

All visions and thoughts of uncanny power thronged upon me as I sat, afraid to linger, afraid to go. I screamed when my

kinsman spoke at my side. Wandering Joe had come.

The light streamed full upon him through the open door. His feet were bare and brown; ragged fringes of trousers-legs hung midway between knee and ankle. A hempen shirt alone shielded him from the cold night air of this altitude. Over his hatless head, rough, unkempt, sun-burned hair hung to his shoulders. Out of his bronzed, weather-beaten face the keen blue eyes looked as sharply and as sadly as they had shone in turbulent Kansas. This was the man who had perplexed me for years.

He sat down beside me with the easy grace of a courtier.

"Will you leave us here alone for an hour? I want to confess to your kinswoman. Why do I select her? Ah, well! why do men do various incomprehensible things? Truth to tell, I am impelled to confide in Miss Pinky, by her likeness to the only woman I ever loved: it is striking; I remarked it in Leavenworth, child as she was; although our little friend here has more imperious reserve in her brown eyes. The other woman was all silk, all suavity. Firmer metal here, else I would not trust. I know of old how sternly she can keep a secret. Now, my dear fellow, away with you, lest my babbling mood include you in the conference; that is no part of my desire."

An hour! It was midnight when he left me, touching my hand with tremulous lips that had shut over their sorrowful secret in the mute patience of years. O, sweet heaven! that I had never heard that piteous record! It rends my heart to know how much a man may bear and live, how much of shame and wrong, how much of infamous injustice, of hunted existence, of outcast forlornness. And that truth and honor should hold him silent—loyal to treachery.

He left with me the proofs of his story, the vindication of his innocence in that primary cause that entailed so much of after guilt.

"No, no! Not now!" he replied to my passionate entreaty to set himself right.

"It is too late. Do you know what that means—*too late*? I have done so many crimes since—necessary, but culpable none the less. If no lower court arraigned me now, the nation would, for state reasons. Don't mislay the map that will show you where the diamonds are; I am glad to know you will have untold wealth when I am gone. Have this stone tested, and you will see whence has come my revenue all these years. You will be told when I find death,

and then—use the documents at your own discretion. Who would have thought I would trust the proof of my honor in a woman's hands? But you have been honest and true to others: you will be with me. We shall never meet again. God bless you!"

He was gone. Reflections from the furnace fires glimmered on the worn bundle of papers in my lap, and flashed many-colored gleams from a broken edge of the stone in my hand.

Y. H. ADDIS.

LA CAMICIA ROSSA.

"Prima non eri quale or tu sei,
L'umile veste dei giorni miei,
Eri l'emblema della riscossa,
O, disprezzata camicia rossa!"

THE red shirt which had been laid aside in obscurity for some years has lately been brought out into the light of day, and regarded with a new and pathetic interest. There is nothing now to be hoped or feared from that glorious yet dangerous flag of sanguinary hue. It represented a mighty power in its day, and was a more potent protection to the wearer than a sheet of steel armor. It turned aside the assaults of disciplined troops, paralyzed their arms, and drove them back in confusion; it was said to be the Devil's uniform; swords could not pierce it, and from it even blessed bullets rebounded innocuous. The sight of it, viewed with other eyes, could kindle whole populations to frantic enthusiasm, sustain and support men through unmitigated hardships, and bear them through terrible and unequal conflicts to repeated victory. It not only overturned thrones, but shook altars to their foundations. It could call into existence at a day's notice a large army, and make it vanish again at will.

The Camicia Rossa was an emblem; it represented a principle. It meant patriotism, self-sacrifice, heroic endeavor. There were moments when this flag of liberty

became dangerous to the state its influence had done so much to emancipate, and it was deemed wise to keep it out of the sight of the young members of the community. But that danger has passed away forever; and to-day the Camicia Rossa is gazed upon with the fond reverence due to a sacred relic of national honor and glory.

These reflections suggested themselves to my mind, as, a month after the immortal champion of independence had passed away, I stood in a piazza of Florence in the midst of a body of Garibaldians of every social grade, all arrayed in the simple and beloved uniform in which they had followed their glorious chief, at the first appearance of whom the citizens burst into loud applause, and the bands struck up the Garibaldi hymn.

They had assembled to put a tablet on the front of the hotel where he had addressed the crowd the day before his departure for Mentana, in 1867. The windows were adorned with mourning banners, and a large portrait of the hero hung out in front of the balcony where the authorities were assembled. There were to have been some speeches, but a furious tempest was raging, and thunder, lightning, and rain are not conducive to oratory; so the ceremony was shortened. The water came down in floods, so that the piazza was

like a lake, and the Garibaldians, who had left their mantles at home, as this was an occasion for full dress, had no sort of protection; rivulets poured down their sun-burned faces, and soaked the red shirts through and through. Most of them had nice new ones, bound with green, a little red cap to match, and a white silk handkerchief round the neck.

The crowd had a revolutionary aspect, as we all seemed to be carrying red flags, the *Opinione Nazionale* having come out in the Garibaldi colors for that occasion. As the volunteers did not seem to care about the rain, the citizens would not retreat either, but stood to the end, and escorted them through the streets afterwards.*

The following Sunday was appointed for a solemn funeral celebration. This began at four o'clock in the afternoon, the procession starting from the Piazza Signoria, and traversing the town to the Piazza Indipendenza, where a temporary monument had been erected to place garlands of flowers on. The civil and military authorities, in full uniform, put themselves at the head of the procession, which was really very imposing. The prefect had been himself a Garibaldini, and wore mourning on this occasion, as he walked at the head of his old companions at arms; the municipality followed, and then all the trades societies, each one carrying a large banner draped with crape, while the bands played a funeral march.

The whole Piazza presented a strange aspect: every window had a black flag, relieved by silver or tricolor, or a tricolor draped with crape; and almost every house had out the hero's portrait, encircled by laurels and garlands of fresh flowers, with the names of his battles in large characters, and some striking motto. From the tower of the Palazzo Vecchio the city banner floated, and the great bell tolled all day.

The procession, in the course of two hours, reached its destination; they deposited their wreaths, saluted the bust of their departed chief, and after a brief speech or two returned to the Piazza Signoria; at sight of them trooping into the Piazza, the crowd

once more raised a great cheer and clapping of hands, in which the military joined heartily, and began to play the Garibaldi hymn; but the sky, usually so serenely blue, seemed to reserve all its blackness for the Garibaldi *fetes*; down came the torrents as before on the previous Sunday. Cold water, however, did not seem to damp the enthusiasm of anybody present; all held their ground manfully till the shower was over, and then dispersed in an orderly manner.

In every city in Italy similar funeral honors were paid; in Rome a still more imposing ceremony took place. There is little doubt that the Eternal City will be the ultimate earthly resting place of the chief whose soul was cast in the antique mold, and whose ashes ought to mingle with those of Horatius, Brutus, Cassius, and the rest; for he had more affinity with them than with us of the nineteenth century. Neither was he altogether an ancient; though his classicism put him to a certain extent out of tune with his age, it is doubtful if he would have felt at home with those austere pagans who worshiped brute force, where the sweetness and tenderness of his nature would have found no echo. Garibaldi was, in fact, a type of no age or country, properly speaking; but only Italy could have produced a being composed of such diverse combinations; and Italy can never produce a *replica* of that original—nay, perfectly unique—creation. When he was living and talking among us—sometimes talking sublime nonsense—he was a fabulous hero, an incarnation of the spirit of nationality. What will he be when his memory shall have been hallowed by the mist of ages?

It is too soon to criticise, analyze, and study him, but not too soon to collect all available information concerning his adventurous career. That duty has been industriously performed, even before his death; and now we are flooded with a never-ending stream of Garibaldi literature; some of it is useful and authentic as well as interesting; but one has to pick and choose mainly, for much, as is always the case with fabulous

heroes, is apocryphal. The best and most reliable and comprehensive life of him, just now issued from the press, is that by his friend and follower, Guerzoni.

Guerzoni is the author of another biography, which has become very popular—of General Nino Bixio, Garibaldi's lieutenant in the Sicilian campaign, commonly called *Il Secondo dei Mille*. Garibaldi confided to Bixio the most important undertakings which required native genius as well as courage and firmness; and he was acknowledged by all to be second only to the glorious chief, for whom he, in common with the whole troop, cherished an affection and admiration approaching idolatry. The expedition of the Thousand in Sicily was so rapid and daring, and was attended with such brilliant success, that the general impression is that it was an easy conquest; but those who witnessed and took part in it know what a terrible struggle it was, and how hard won were the victories of Marsala, Milazzo, Calatafimi, and Palermo.

Let us take a glance at one. The Bourbons were posted on the bold heights of Calatafimi, where they had determined to bar the road of the invaders. Garibaldi, from a little hill opposite, surveyed, counted them, calculated their movements, and disposed his troops. Unequal in numbers and in arms, the volunteers had no choice but to fight to the death, or disperse as fugitives over the mountains. He made up his mind that that day must decide the fate of Sicily.

With the exception of two old cannon, Garibaldi had no artillery by which to reduce the enemy's strength, and his simple plan was to wrest one position after another from his hands at the point of the bayonet. There were seven positions, and each was protected by a plateau cut down straight like a wall in front, and defended by an enemy four times as numerous at the Garibaldini.

With the disadvantages already mentioned, the volunteers, whose thousand was by this time reduced to nine hundred fighting men, had to contend with thirty-five hundred regulars.

"I do not believe," says Guerzoni, "that

pen or pencil can describe that fight. Garibaldi himself said that it was the most terrible and bloody that he had ever witnessed."

Seven separate assaults had to be made under the enemy's guns. At each attack a desperate struggle ensued, in which the volunteers displayed prodigies of valor. Their blood flowed copiously, dyeing the plain, and making the embankment slippery. But he who gained a palm of ground never receded. Where his bold foot was once planted he died, or advanced to win more. After each post was conquered there was breathing space for a few minutes, and then another desperate charge, with the same terrible losses.

"To say that the captains set the example, would be saying little," says the writer above quoted; "they were all captains, all privates." Among the bravest of the brave were Medici, afterwards general and aid-de-camp to the King; and the brothers Cairoli, one of whom, when he was lately prime minister of King Humbert, saved his life by receiving the assassin's dagger in his own body.

Nearest to the glorious chief, who stood with his grand head bare, picturesque, resolute, sublimely calm, as he always was in moments of danger, was Nino Bixio. He had fought with the strength and courage of a lion; but when he saw the flower of the little army falling, and the remainder gasping with exhaustion under the burning southern sun, his heart was moved, and he ventured a word of advice to his leader.

"My general, I fear we must retreat."

Garibaldi started as if he had touched a serpent; but on recognizing the speaker, he replied serenely:

"What do you say, Bixio? Here we must die!"

"At that look and those words," said Bixio, "I wished myself under the ground; and never again on the field of battle did I dare to suggest a retreat to Garibaldi."

In a few moments more the general raised his musical voice:

"My sons, I want one more desperate charge. Five minutes' repose, and then we all go together."

Each soldier gathered up his strength, sprung to his feet, and with a mental adieu to the persons dearest to him, resolved to follow Garibaldi into the jaws of death.

In five minutes the trumpet voice rang out the order, "*Alla bayonetta!*" and the answer came promptly, "*Alla bayonetta! Viva l'Italia! Viva Garibaldi!*"

Rapidly, but in even step, shoulder to shoulder, and head bent, the volunteers rushed upon the seventh position, where the enemy, dislodged from the other posts, had concentrated all their forces. At the moment of the assault, the two cannon of the Garibaldians opened fire on the enemy's right, and this, being in the nature of a surprise, helped to distract them. This final struggle was the fiercest of the day. The Bourbon troops, maddened by shame at the dishonor of such a defeat, fought resolutely in defense of their guns, which the volunteers would have at any cost. At last they yielded ground, and ultimately fled in disorder.

This was only one of many such bloody days in which "the hero of two worlds" was the ruling spirit; in which he attempted and accomplished what would have been pronounced by any one else impossibilities, and by the magic of his presence and his voice inspired an enthusiasm that worked miracles. Is it any wonder that he became a fabulous hero? He had no honors or wealth with which to reward his followers; hardly bread for them: yet they were not only ready to die at his command, but yielded him as absolute an obedience as if he were a powerful despot. And he was a strict disciplinarian, who never permitted marauding or any sort of dishonesty, robbery being punished by death. His chosen friend and first officer, Nino Bixio, he put under arrest on a public occasion for striking a soldier on parade. Yet Bixio thought himself amply rewarded for his extraordinary services when his chief shook his hand and congratulated him in the presence of the army.

In spite of his efforts, however, Garibaldi could not succeed in keeping the volunteer army what it was when he landed in Sicily with his Thousand. The ignorant, half-

savage, and degraded natives flocked to his standard in great numbers, and the officers had a hard time of it trying to train these raw recruits, who were called *pinciotti*. They were given to the charge of a terribly stern English colonel, who made them advance upon the enemy at the point of the bayonet.

One day he wanted to dislodge a body of Neapolitan troops from a garden where they were annoying the Garibaldian army with a constant fire, while engaged with the enemy at another point. The recruits refused to advance; and not even when he resorted to his usual method of sabering his *pinciotti* right and left would they attack the garden. The powerful Englishman then seized one of the soldiers by the coat tails and flung him over the wall into the garden, then another and another. The Neapolitans thought the demoniacal Red Shirts had the power of flying; they raised a fearful cry, "O, evil hour, they can fly!" and abandoned their position in hot haste, before the astonished Garibaldians had time to pick themselves up.

On this day the General narrowly escaped death, having come unattended round a corner into the midst of a Bourbon corps; the officer cried to him to surrender.

"Surrender you! I am Garibaldi," was the reply, as he drew his sword and defended himself with wonderful skill, till friends hastened to his relief, and shot down the foremost of his assailants.

But I must not be tempted into relating more stories of his feats, for my space is exhausted, and once fairly launched, the subject is an inexhaustible one.

Garibaldi was a republican royalist; and royalists and republicans who love him equally, and never accuse him of party infidelity or inconsistency, will, it is easy to predict, have many a battle for him in the future. He began his career as a Mazzinian conspirator in Italy; he fought for all the republics which needed his services; his watchwords were Liberty, People's Rights, etc.; yet he laid a profound homage at the foot of an ancient throne, and thus addressed the sovereign:

"I did not tell your majesty of my project,

because I feared, with the deep reverence I feel towards you, you might have been able to persuade me to abandon it. Sire, I am your most devoted subject. Our cry shall be: *Viva l'unita Italiana! Viva Vittorio Emanuele!*"

And he helped to make him King of Italy, in spite of the strongest temptations to yield to the clamor of the Mazzinian party. Subsequently he rebelled against the regal authority, and made war on his own account upon the Pope; but though he was a state prisoner, no one ever called it high treason. It is manifest that this republican king-maker was not judged as ordinary mortals. In fact, the world knew that in all his apparent inconsistencies he was always faithful to his ideal of liberty and justice.

We have said Garibaldi belonged to no special era; he was a mixture of an ancient Roman, a mediæval knight-errant, and a modern demagogue, with other elements blended in him which it would be difficult to describe. He had a poetic spirit, and a sort of innocent lawlessness, which one might attribute to Carlyle's child-man, regarding the world as a newly created thing like himself, fresh from the Maker's hand, ignoring its established customs and traditions.

Now that the *Camicia Rossa* has vanished forever from our sight, we cannot help asking ourselves in astonishment, How came this mythical hero of romance into our prosaic, practical, conventional nineteenth century?

G. S. GODKIN.

THE DEAD HERO.

THEY say he died like a warrior—as the bravest of the brave;
When they lay him away for eternal rest they will cover a hero's grave;
That his friends will never forget him, and his country will hold him dear:
But what is all that to me, or to him lying calmly and cold on his bier?

What is it to me that his name will live, if his noble breast stands still?
That his deeds will be writ in history's book, through the throbbing hearts to thrill?
Ay, well was he a warrior great, and a chieftain in the strife;
But the price of his lasting fame for me is a desolate, bitter life!

Ah! great is the nation's sorrow. Is it worthy the sacrifice?
Is it worthy that death should gather your life as its terrible price?
Not one life, but two. Oh, my darling, when you heard the funeral knell,
You gave not only your life alone, but you gave my life as well!

For but one brief smile on your features I could plunge the world into pain!
I would throttle my womanly feelings all, could I open your eyes again!
Come back to me though for a moment, unfamed and despised and poor,
I would follow you now, and forever on, through Heaven or through Hell's door!

MAX A. THEILIG.

THALOE.

CHAPTER XIV.

SUDDENLY, as Cleon entered his tent, there broke out from the center of the imprisoned camp the low hum of song, rising gradually higher and higher, and taking the form of quaint and solemn melody, as voice after voice joined in, until it had swelled into the utterances of many hundreds. Slow and measured as was the meter, it seemed to gain more than its natural effect as it was pealed forth in grandly surging billows into the clear, still night air, and from the center of that beleaguered and doomed company.

Nor could Cleon listen without emotion; for before the first measured line was over he was struck with something strangely familiar in it; and in another moment he recognized the air as the one which Thaloe had been gently singing to herself as she sat where he had first seen her—under the garden wall. She had once sung it since at his request, and he had learned to love the melody for her sake. Now it was being sung by her own people, some of whom she might have met and known—even have united with in that singular worship. Was it strange that it should so strongly move him? It was nothing but mingled words and notes, to be sure; and yet it reminded him, more forcibly than he could have wished, of that pleasant past which might never be renewed. Why did it chance that they should sing that song, of all others, to move his heart to new, vain compassions?

While thus despondingly reflecting, a centurion of one of the cohorts entered and stood in silence, waiting to be questioned.

"What now?" said Cleon.

"Those yonder," responded the centurion motioning towards the center of the basin, "are singing one of their own songs. And

none know better than I what the singing of it portends."

"Speak further, then, and let me also know."

"I was in Syria once, and we had a Christian revolt to put down; and immediately before the battle just such a song as this was heard coming from their camp. There are some of us who say that those men always sing in like manner to their gods before they fight; and if so, it means that we shall come to blows before long."

"Ay, but what can they do?" remarked Cleon.

"A mouse will make a struggle for his life, if driven into a corner," said the centurion, with a knowing shake of his head; "and so I suppose that these men would rather perish in an attempt to escape than stay where they are and be butchered."

"True," responded Cleon. "Take care, therefore, that your own cohort is ready for any instant service, and let the word be passed for others to stand in like manner alert. And at the first sign of approaching strife let me be summoned."

The man departed, and Cleon, placing his chin upon his hand, again reflected. The song had now ended, and all was silence again, and he could once more give proper course to his thoughts without the disturbance of obtrusive memories of the past.

Yes; the centurion doubtless spoke the truth: the mouse at bay would fight; and why not the men of this encompassed force? Was is not best that they should do so? Had not their leader threatened a vigorous defense as a more worthy thing than a supine policy? Had not he himself advised that course, as preferable to a base surrender? The contest might therefore come before long; and having now enjoined watchfulness upon his soldiers, there was nothing left but to await the crisis.

Yet he would have been better pleased that it should not come that night. Rather, if possible, would he have it postponed until the morning, when the Tribune Balbus would surely appear and take command. Then, perhaps, he himself could make some excuse and retire from the scene, and return to Baiaë, where, freed from all responsibility in the matter, he could more calmly await the tidings of the result.

Another form now darkened the door of the tent, and Cleon started to his feet, believing for the instant that the summons to the conflict had already arrived. But it was a slighter figure than that of any of his officers, and at the first tone of the voice he recognized the page Camillus.

"I have come, Cleon. The week is ended, and you said that I might then join you. And I have come in time; for they tell me that the battle will take place to-night."

"It is likely so to be. And you shall be well stationed, so as to take your part in it. But have you fulfilled the trust I commended to you? And do you bring me good news?"

The page twisted about upon his feet uneasily, and looked up at Cleon with a disturbed expression, as though fearing reproof.

"Well, and what have you to say?" continued the other, noticing his hesitation and auguring ill from it. "Have you more bad tidings? It must be so of a certainty, for none others have come to me of late, and I have become unused to hearing or seeing anything pleasant. Only tell me what you know, and make no further delay about it."

"I could not help what has happened," cried the page, terrified at the sudden change in Cleon's voice. "Be assured that I have done all that you directed me. The very first day, when they spoke of taking her away—"

"Who spoke? Give me their names, quickly."

"There were three of them—the Captain Gabius, and two others who were at the bath on that day, and whose names I know not. But they had kept in their minds what we had said about her, and one of them had

gone up and watched until he had seen her; and then they laid a plan to carry her off in secret. They said that, being a Christian girl, the Cæsar would not interfere, and no harm would be done. I overheard them at their plans, Cleon; but how could I interfere? Where should I get the power?"

"Yet, did I not tell you still to keep watch? And did I not give you all the means to—"

"I know it: so you arranged it, indeed; and so did I mean to make use of them. And with that intent, at the earliest hour of the evening—for I could not earlier leave the court—I took your signet-ring that you had left with me, and hurried up the hill to her abode. There I would have made myself known to them as your envoy; would have bidden them to flee; would even have gone with them, and myself have guided them to your villa, though that is more than even you had directed. But I was still too late. Lo! when I went up to the house, it was empty, and they were gone—both she and the old slave who seemed to guard her. Why do you seize me by the arm, Cleon? Could I have helped it?"

"No, you could not," cried Cleon, with a groan, releasing the grasp which he had fastened upon the boy. "It was destined so to be, and that she and I should be the victims. It is but one more buffet of fate. Let me be still a man, and stand up under it. There! there! it is past now, and I can listen to you again. And tell me, did you see no traces of outrage? And could you not ascertain whither they had taken her?"

"I could not learn, for the Captain Gabius and the others all appeared in public as usual; nor did they speak before me again. And what is singular, there were no marks of violence about the house. Might not the two have gone off quietly by themselves, therefore?"

"And whither, Camillus? Nay, it may not be. It is too pleasing a supposition to be true. No marks of violence, did you say? Well, why should there be? Cannot a band of determined men steal into a house at dead of night, and overpower a young girl and a slave without leaving behind them the

evidences of a siege or assault? It was well planned and done: that was all. They have their triumph now; but when I return, I will probe that guilty deed to the bottom. By the gods—if there are gods at all—each one of those who have had part in it shall suffer! Not only Gabius, but also the others who—Tell me, Camillus, do you think that Alypia could have—”

“Alypia? Could have what?” cried the astonished page.

“Nothing. Of what am I talking? Regard it not. And so you would fight at my side? It is well. After all, the sword is the only occupation for a brave man. Fit yourself, therefore, with what is necessary. Ho, there! what now?”

It was a messenger from one of his officers, who appeared, and brought news that at last there were signs that the enemy were about to commence an attack.

“Right!” cried Cleon. “Let all the cohorts be properly arranged, and in silence. I will be there at once. Take this shield, Camillus, for the present. It will not prove too heavy for you. And this helmet; will it fit you? Well enough for to-night, perhaps. To-morrow you shall be better provided for. Now, then, follow me.”

With a long stride he left the tent, and sought the center of his cohorts: with alacrity and animation, too, for the summons had come to him in a proper moment. Aroused and hardened by the news that Camillus had brought, he felt grateful for the tidings of the approaching onset, though but a few moments before he would have wished to avoid it. But now—now it was a relief from troubled inaction; and the thought came to him that in its results it might prove a relief from all his other troubles forever. He had advised the insurgent leader to fight to the death—no other friendly advice could, in fact, be given—and why should he not do the same? Had he not his own anxieties to be laid at rest? And was there any better refuge from them than a soldier's grave?

Thaloe was gone. Far more than ever before he now felt how much he had loved her; but she was henceforth beyond the

reach even of his friendship. He might avenge her, but he could not restore her peace or good name or innocence. And Alypia—did he not now feel assured that she, with her jealous treachery, was at the bottom of all the mischief? How, then, could he ever meet her again with words of love? And how, on the other hand, could he avoid her, and break the hated tie that bound him to her? These two—the one whom he would have gained now lost forever, and the other whom he had already gained not to be severed from without unnumbered recriminations and scandals—would henceforth, if he survived, be the two black clouds upon his life, the pall of unhappy memories which could never be lifted. Better, most surely, meet death than this. And so, like his brave enemy, he would plunge into the thickest of the strife, and lose all his troubles in the grave.

So, with Camillus at his side, he sought the center of his forces; and now, all things being ready, they awaited in silence the expected onset. It was nearly midnight, and the sky was dark with clouds; only here and there an aperture, through which a few presuming, cheerless stars peeped forth; and even the nearest objects were but faintly distinguishable. Close at hand could be seen the dusky forms of soldiers taking their accustomed places in the closing ranks; and these were all that were clearly visible. In the basin of the crater's slope, where now the few fires had died out or been extinguished, was utter blackness, and silence as well, except as now and then the sound of a hushed command could be heard, too faintly to be intelligibly interpreted by the besiegers.

So passed the next half-hour: the motionless cohorts commanding the several passages, and each ready to fly at the proper moment to the assistance of any other which might be first attacked. Then, from the interior, there became audible a muffled sound, as of hundreds of feet moving cautiously in one direction; but yet for a time there was nothing seen, while even the hitherto lowly uttered words of authority were no longer to be heard.

A moment more of expectation, and then could be dimly detected, like a black, creeping monster, a compact mass of men moving rapidly toward one side of the crater slope; and with that at last came the yell of eager defiance, and the crash of metal as each force plunged wildly forward and clashed against the other.

And so, apparently in inextricable confusion, the battle went on: sword leaping against sword and spear against spear; the ground covered with a closely interlocked mass of struggling, writhing combatants, and the air filled with cries of rage and pain, of exultation and command, and with the tumult of brazen shields dashed together. Hither and thither; the din of conflict now prevailing more loudly to the right, then passing to the left; anon swelling into greater proportions as reinforcements from the rear reached either side; each force at times giving way before the terrific onset of the other, and again urged by wounded pride and ambition to recover its lost ground: the legionaries, with contemptuous ire, as men who fight against wolves, giving no quarter; and the insurgents, in their turn, refusing to spare the vanquished, knowing full well that each enemy slain was one more chance of life: so went the battle.

And in the front, meeting every danger, not striving blindly to throw away his life, but treating it as a thing not worth preserving, stood Cleon, now giving his orders with the calm energy of a watchful commander, and now plunging into the thickest of the fight with the heedless desperation of a common soldier, until it became a constant wonder that each instant he did not fall.

Once it seemed as though he were gone, for a battle-ax in the hands of a gigantic slave came crashing down upon his helmet; but Camillus, who stood by, turned away the force of the blow, and, himself remaining unhurt, saved him.

And once he was about to engage in single combat with one who had been long remarked for the wild energy with which he carried destruction before him in every direction. But ere the swords had fairly crossed,

the shifting clouds let fall a little stronger light from the stars, and in his antagonist Cleon recognized, by the thick, flowing gray beard and the steady glance of the eye, the insurgent leader. It was a mutual recognition, in fact; and, as though urged by some secret feeling of friendship, they gazed for a short moment into each other's eyes, and then, by a simultaneous impulse, lowered their weapons and sought other prey in separate portions of the battle-field.

And at length, through mutual exhaustion, the contest came to an end. The insurgents, having vainly striven to break forth, now fell back, wearied with the unprofitable trial, and abandoned further present effort. But maintaining sufficient of their old discipline, they were still able to guard the rugged entrances to their camp against the legionaries, who, equally wearied out, could not pursue. Therefore, leaving the field heaped up with the dead and dying, both sides withdrew to their former positions, with the claim of absolute victory to neither—except as the boast remained to the Roman arms of having defeated the bold attempt at escape and flight.

CHAPTER XV.

Gradually, with the coming hour, the sky began to pale, as in the east appeared the earliest tints of dawn. The clouds that had partially obscured the night had passed away, leaving fair promise for the approaching morn; and here and there, as the brightness slowly increased, the smaller stars one by one went out, making yet more conspicuous the twin morning constellations which proudly had begun to climb their course, soon, in turn, to be blotted out by the greatest light of all.

A gentle dew had fallen, and the air was cool; and on all sides the same chill seemed visibly to pervade the scene—resting upon the forests, which, lining the mountain in dark and gloomy masses, stood with stiffened branches, as though in mute endurance of an

evil hardly to be borne, and upon the far-off shores and islands, which in the distance appeared gray and moist, as though they had just freshly risen from the sea.

The two little armies were motionless and silent. In the sloping crater the insurgents rested, as before the fight, in compact and indistinguishable but well-arranged mass, with here and there a few outposts to guard the entrance to their camp. They had grievously suffered in the contest just ended; but in that dim light and at that distance none of the Roman force could mark any diminution in their numbers, or hear the half-stifled cries of their wounded. To all outward appearance, there had been with them no battle or loss of men, but all things remained as at the beginning of the night. With the legions the effects of the strife were more easily to be detected; for along the edge of the crater's basin and within the borders of their lines were dark piles of slain; and farther back lay a score or two of grievously injured men, whose wounds were being attended to with rough sympathy by their more fortunate comrades.

The straggling camp-fires had here and there again been kindled, wherever withered vine branches could be found; and round them, as in the early evening, clusters of soldiers had gathered to warm their limbs and talk over the late battle. Near the tent of Cleon again glimmered the old fire, now renewed upon its almost expired embers, and about it sat the group who had been there before—all but one, an old and honored legionary, who, having escaped the Gaul, the Briton, and the Scythian for thirty years back, had now fallen near at home, beneath the sharpened sickle of a slave. The others spoke regretfully of him for a time, discussing without envy his brave and companion-like qualities, even while they divided his few poor treasures among themselves, and shared from mouth to mouth a few drops of sour wine which one of them had found in a leathern bottle plucked from the body of a fallen slave.

Suddenly there again appeared among them the man who on the previous evening

had come from the insurgent camp, now, as then, moving his hands meaningly to and fro, in token of truce. The soldiers noticed the action, and recognized both the man and his errand; but, galled by the loss of their comrade, it might have been that now they would have failed to respect the intruder, and in the exasperation of the moment have made a sudden end of him—one of them, in fact, having already leveled his spear, with intent to do mortal execution. But, as before, Cleon had chanced to see the man, and, again springing forward, demanded the purpose of his coming.

It was the same as on the former occasion. The commander of the insurgents desired another interview. Would the request be granted? And, as before, Cleon paused and reflected before answering. That man, then, was still alive. Did he bear a charmed life? Would it not have been better for him that he had died, sword in hand? What, now, could he desire? Would it be proper once more to listen to him? What good purpose could it serve? And yet, where could be the evil? The impulse to refuse the interview was strong upon Cleon; but, on the other hand, his curiosity was too greatly excited with the desire of seeing and learning more about one who had not only seemed to know him, but had called him familiarly after his father's name. There was some mystery here. Could it be unraveled in a short interview of such a hostile character as this? Scarcely; and yet—

"Go on; I follow you," he impetuously exclaimed to the messenger, calling only Camillus to his side.

Thus attended, he again descended part way into the crater's slope, and passing in advance of his companion, once more stood face to face with the insurgent leader, who, waiting to receive him, stood calm and composed, as though he had lately led his forces to a gay and harmless review rather than to a bloody defeat.

"Welcome once more, Cleon," said the leader, in a tone of friendly salutation.

"Again you speak my name," cried Cleon. "You know me, then?"

"Not only know but love you well—it may be for the good which I have heard about you," was the answer. "And it is because I so well know and love you that I have now sent to you that I may ask one parting favor."

"Say on."

"Upon this night just passed, knowing that there was no hope for us, and anticipating too truly what would be my doom if taken alive, I acted as you had advised, rushing into the thick of the fight, with stern resolve to meet, if possible, a brave man's fate. That I have failed in finding it was therefore not my fault. You can tell how earnestly I fought, and into what dangers I impelled myself. Even now it seems to me a passing strange thing that I have escaped through all; and there are moments when some relic of the old superstition which is called fate seems to assert itself, and whisper that I may yet be destined to escape, and use again my powers for the furtherance of our sect. But in my calmer thoughts I feel that this can never be. I know that I am doomed. All men must sometime die, and why, then, should I not recognize my approaching fate?

"Two weeks ago my master Paul nobly laid down his life in the great cause. I was at his side when the headsman smote him with the ax; and standing there I heard the last words of comfort and of hope. Then, deeming that my mission in this land was ended, I set about returning to my native place. But for this cruel interruption—yes, you may call it destiny if you will—which has intervened and drawn your cohorts about me, I should have done so. Why, now, should I fear to encounter the same death which my master Paul has taken pleasantly upon himself, even as he would put on a garment of the night? Can there be a nobler end? Therefore, for myself do I not dread it. But yet in my thoughts there is present the image of one whom I dearly love, and whom I must leave behind me without protection. Could I only see her safety well assured, I would bare my bosom to your spears with a cheerful smile upon

my lips, and in my heart a longing prayer for a quick and merciful release from life."

"And she of whom you speak—is she your wife? Where, then, can she be found?"

"For years I have had no longer a wife, Cleon. I speak now of my only child; and I ask you to protect her because I have known your father, and because—because of late it has chanced that you have known her."

The blood rushed into Cleon's face as he listened, and his heart began wildly to throb; for, joining into one context the somewhat scattered revelations of the speaker, to whom but one could these allusions refer? Though as yet nothing definite and convincing had been spoken, could there be a doubt? And in tones eager with intensity, yet trembling with sudden depth of feeling, he cried:

"I know you now! You are Philocteres the Cretan, and you speak of Thaloe!"

"Yes, I am Philocteres, and it is of Thaloe I speak. It is into your hands that I would commit her; for I comprehend your truth and kindly sincerity of heart, and I know that you will not abuse the trust. Therefore, when all this present sacrifice is over, take her to such of our Christian friends as she may direct you to, and there watch over her until she can find some way to return to her own land and kindred. This is all I ask before I die. Is it too much?"

"Too much?" cried Cleon. "My life for hers; my name to enduring infamy if I betray my trust! She shall be cared for as my sister—tenderly and discreetly—until I can restore her in safety to her country and her friends. Of this be well assured, for to its strict performance I herewith pledge the honor of my name and office. Only put it into my mind to know where she can be found."

"She is here, Cleon," whispered a soft voice at his side. "And what will you do for him—my father? Can you give promise for his safety, also?"

And Cleon, turning, saw Thaloe standing behind him. She had crept out from among a group who tarried idly near their leader, and gently approaching, accompanied by the

ever-watchful Nubian slave, had overheard Cleon's words. Perhaps at the first she had not intended to address him, but simply to ascertain what was this matter in debate; for she could not but shrewdly suspect that her own fate was somewhat concerned in it, and it was surely fitting that she should be consulted, lest her father, in his unfaltering, self-sacrificing devotion for her, might accomplish good for herself, to his own neglect and detriment. Now she found that it was as she had feared; and as she asked the question, she could not help triumphing in her heart, as with the pleasant self-approval of one who has baffled an unworthy conspiracy.

For a moment Cleon could not answer, but gazed upon her with speechless wonderment. Only an hour before he had expected never more to see her; and now, with the suddenness of an apparition, she had appeared before him. Whence and how? It was a mystery which made his thoughts reel, as with a blow.

And, mingled with his surprise, there flashed, during a single instant, a gleam of transport into his heart—so like was she to herself as he had last parted from her at the garden wall. The dark blue eyes, and the waving brown hair, and the gently parted lips were all there: the very posture the same, as she now stood in her white, flowing robes, gently poising herself in expectant attitude, with one foot thrown slightly behind, and her arms hanging gracefully in front. Only the joyous smile, radiant with that former merry sparkle beneath the fringed lids, was gone; and in its place a startled look of uneasy, nervous dread, mingled with fleeting gleams of calm and quiet resignation—the look of one whose soul bade her strive to compose herself to meet unfalteringly a long-anticipated fate, but whose feeble frame could not but shrink at times with natural dismay from the bitter sacrifice.

Noting this sad change, Cleon almost instantly felt that heavy oppression, as of one recalled to himself and the things around him from a pleasant dream; and as the lightning's flash vanishes, his momentary joy at seeing her fled from his breast. Rather would

he have beheld her anywhere than here, in the midst of that little band so surely devoted to destruction; and he turned towards Philocteres with momentary anger, as though to ask how, in his cruel selfishness, he had allowed himself thus to imperil her.

"Could I prevent it?" cried Philocteres, reading Cleon's thoughts, and now speaking in a tone of almost humble extenuation, so bitter to him was the idea that another, even in heart, should accuse him of wrong. "Had I your superstitious belief in fate, I should almost have thought that it was some purposed destiny which had led my child and myself together, in order that we might die by the same stroke of sword; for in having her here, I have surely been guiltless. There has been nothing at fault except the blind, unreasoning fidelity of our bondsman, who, having heard of some contemplated wrong against her, secretly carried her away from *Baïæ*, with intent to deliver her to me at Rome. Thither advancing, he chanced to meet our force, and with ignorant indiscretion brought her to me, deeming my presence her best protection. What, then, could I do, inasmuch as within the very next hour your legion had overtaken and was watching us, outlying in every direction, so that none could escape from our camp? Speak, *Thaloe*, was it not so?"

"It is so, Cleon. Nor, could he have sent me away from him, would I have gone, leaving him behind. Neither now—think it not—will I part from him, for it would be to give him up to death. If I now go away, he must go with me."

As Cleon looked into her face, and saw by her expression of timorous resolution how surely her soul was gaining the victory in that miserable conflict with her fears, a sickening feeling of despair came into his heart. He knew now the struggle that lay before him: how useless it would probably be to plead with her while thus animating herself with new courage and fidelity; how little all that he could do would avail to save her.

Herself, indeed, he might rescue; for, looking only to the strict letter of his orders,

he recalled that Nero had merely said that no man among them should be reserved alive. And at the worst, Cleon was no butcher of women and children, to have obeyed more explicit orders. But as for this Philocteres, her father, upon whose actions and fate she now so resolutely ingrafted her own, and who had been marked out for especial punishment, as the most guilty of all—what could be done for him? Could it be possible to save him also by using some well-contrived disguise, so that he might manage to glide through the investing lines as a slave of little importance, and so escape?

It was a desperate thought, and even this was sternly stifled by Philocteres at the first mention of it; for how could he thus retire in safety, and leave the little band of men who had thus far trusted in him, and who now looked to him to share their fate? And Thaloe, pressing her father's hand, gazed up into his face in timid approval of his high resolve.

"Do you not see, therefore, that he and I must die together?" she said, forcing a smile into her pale face. "Forbear, then, Cleon, to entreat or beseech me to do otherwise. And it is not a hard or painful thing to die, is it? You who have seen so many die can tell me. When the time comes, I will lay myself in my father's arms, so that, if possible, the same blow will slay us both. Thus we will die together, and neither of us will live long enough to mourn the other. And a very slight blow would suffice for me, would it not? For I am so weak and feeble. Only assure me, Cleon, that it will be done quickly, for I should so dread delay or torture; but as for a speedy death, why should I shrink from the thought of it? Have I not known for years that something like this would be my fate, even as it is, sooner or later, the fate of so many of our creed? To me, therefore, there can be no pain in what I have so long learned to look upon; rather let it be joy, as of a contest properly completed. And is it not proper that it should be so, Cleon, my friend?"

What could he say or do in response? Nothing, at first, but stand silent and motion-

less before her, as though palsied in speech and action. Urged on by feeling and by passion combined, he felt that he could do and dare all things to save her; and yet the words failed with which he would seek to change her purpose. Nay, he saw that, though her frame might tremble, her resolution could not be changed; that she spoke not from any mere impulse of the moment, but from the centering convictions of a life-time; and that, though so few words had been uttered, it was as though a volume had been written in the cause, and stamped with unchangeable energy, fortitude, and strength of will.

Therefore, for the moment he remained silent with despair; feeling that he should say something in contradiction of her purpose, hopeless though it might be, and yet not able to form the struggling elements of his mind into the proper words. If he had had a friend so placed, he would surely have blamed him for not giving vent to passionate supplications and vehement argument—to anything, indeed, which might promise even a bare, feeble chance of moving her; but now, unlike what he would have looked for in another, he stood as if spellbound.

Once he turned and gazed at her father mutely, but with an unfathomable depth of sorrowful entreaty in expression, and with the hope that he, moved with paternal solicitude, would interfere and command in her a different course. But even Philocteres now remained silent, with eyes cast down. Was it that he believed the time to have come when even commands would not avail? Or was he, rather, calmly resigning himself to what was inevitable, with the feeling that he should not ask her to shun that martyrdom which he was so ready to court for himself; and with the consciousness, perhaps, that after all it was true, as she had said, that it was better to die now in his arms than to go forth without his protection, to encounter the dangers of a heartless and deceitful world?

"You do not answer me, Cleon," she said at length. "Speak to me—oh! speak to me a little—if only to tell me that you know I am striving for the right."

"Alas! I cannot tell you so, Thaloe," he passionately exclaimed, as though her words had loosed the spell that bound him, "for I believe it not. Rather let me now strive—"

"Nay, Cleon, do not think to move me with further words, for you must know how useless it would be. From the first I have felt how it would all turn out—even from the moment when I heard my father order that you should be sent for. Then I knew that in his fondness for me he was about to make one last effort for my poor life, though his own should be lost; and I smiled to myself at that useless labor. And I would have prevented him, but that—but that I would fain let you be summoned, so that I could look upon your face again, Cleon; for it is to me the face of a dear friend, and I would not part from you without once more seeing you, and thanking you for what you have already done."

"Oh, Thaloe, my more than friend! what thanks can be due to me for the little aid I have tried to give you? Rather let yourself now be rescued from this gulf, so that in my future life I may better earn your gratitude. Now you would die; but for what can that avail? Have you not once told me that by your creed all things are meant for good? Think, then: what purpose can there be in this?"

"I do not know," she said. "The way is very blind before me, and darkness is around me, so that I cannot penetrate the destined workings of this thing. I confess it all. Yet will I not give up my faith in some great purpose acting throughout the whole. It may be ordered for your good, Cleon; and that, through you, some greater good shall come than I can ever hope to do myself. I am of feeble strength; and though I should live on for many years to come, the good which I could do would be very little. But dying now, you will remember me longer and better, will you not, than if I had still lived? You will go on, greater in power and more prosperous every year. And the time may come when, being in high authority, you will hold beneath your sway very many of our persecuted people. And then, Cleon,

you will remember me, will you not? And thinking upon me and my last words, you will be kind to those poor, humble creatures, forbearing to punish where they do not merit it; and, whenever you can, shielding them from the violence of the greater power of the throne above you? Yes, you will do all this, I know, for my sake, and thereby more of good will be accomplished than if I had lived a hundred lives. This then, after all, may be the purpose of my present fate. Yes, I now clearly see it."

Looking upon her as she thus spoke, Cleon saw that her expression had now at last gained a radiant gleam of triumph, as if with the knowledge of a mystery well and wisely unraveled; and for the moment he felt that he could even forget his pain, in wonderment at her fortitude and faith. Could this be she who had so often passed the hours with him in pleasant converse? Were those the eyes that had so gleamed and sparkled with flashes of careless mirthfulness, apparently unwitting of anything but the transient fancies of the moment?

What could be the subtle influence that had brought this sudden change upon her, teaching her not only no longer to dread the impending death, but even to forget it in her zeal for a cherished cause? It could not be mere physical strength asserting its latent powers, for she was weak and slight of frame, and no very heavy blow would have crushed her to the ground. Was it her faith that thus supported her? If so, it was indeed a marvelous thing. The gods of Rome had never been known to send such support as that. Even Seneca in his bath, pouring out his life through bleeding veins, had not been able to do more than discourse philosophy, and resign himself calmly to the death that was inevitable. But here was one who even seemed to court her fate with joy.

"Could I but feel as yourself, even I might almost be a Christian," he murmured.

Catching his words, new luster seemed to gleam in her eyes, and for the moment she made as though she would have spoken, pleading with him, to encourage still further

those good inspirations. But to what purpose should she now exhort him longer? All that she could in addition say would be but little different from what she had told him in other times. Did she desire that he should profit by her example and constancy? Surely nothing that she could now speak would be likely to give increase to whatever good impression might already be produced.

And time was failing. Already the dawn had brightened into day. And casting her eyes about the circle of their beleaguered camp, she could see that the Roman legionaries were grouped along the edge, surveying them, and wondering, most likely, wherefore the commander so long tarried. Thus the few moments were rapidly passing away in which she might speak a kind farewell to him. Surely, she might turn from more serious things for the moment, and indulge herself in that.

"I hear you, Cleon, and gladly would wish, if possible, to strengthen you in that new thought; but the time now fails for that. Only, therefore, now repeat that you will think upon me in future, as I have desired, and so I shall die composed and happy."

"Whatever I can in future years do for you or yours that will I resolve," he said.

"Thanks, Cleon; I believe it all; and in that trust I will die well pleased. And now, before we part, smile as you were wont to do, even as I now smile. I would not wish that, even for the few hours that are left to me, I should carry in my heart an unhappy memory of you. Think for the moment that we are yet standing by the garden hedge, and under the ilex tree. Those were pleasant hours, were they not? Though even now I find them mingled with some self-reproach for the moments wasted in light discourse, when I should rather have been teaching you of those greater matters about which you wished to learn. And upon that last evening of all, I remember how you turned away with hasty step, as though displeased that I spoke so vaingloriously of my poor descent and birthright. Was it that you did not like to hear me vaunt myself upon a matter so foreign to the teach-

ings of my creed? How poor and empty does it now all seem!"

"Nay, I thought not of—"

"You came again once after that, Cleon. I was behind my lattice, and I heard and saw you, but you did not know it. And I heard how Corbo repulsed you, and would not suffer you to see me. I felt sorry about the harsh way he spoke, for he did not trust in you as I had done; and I was sorely tempted to throw open the window, and call to you in greeting. But then I thought that after all Corbo knew best what was for my good, and that it might be more discreet for a young and inexperienced girl not to expose herself too intimately; and so I held my peace. Do you now forgive me for that, if I thereby caused you pain? And did you ever come again, and feel grieved at finding that the house was closed and I away? But it was all meant for good, Cleon. And now, farewell. You cannot save me; but I know that another leader is coming to take your place, and that therefore it will not be by your order that I shall die. This, at least, is a comfort to me. And so again, farewell."

Thus speaking, she began to move slowly away, first casting upon him one of those long, lingering looks of earnest friendship that burn into the heart, and leave their impress, not for years alone, but through life itself. Despairing, Cleon caught her by the robe, and so for the instant detaining her, cried out:

"Yet for a moment longer listen to me, Thaloe! Let me urge you aright with one last pleading word! Think how that your father does not wish you should thus sacrifice yourself! Even now he will command you to depart with me, if he can be assured that you will obey. You will not at this final moment disregard him? And if that plea will not move you, can I not, with other words, induce you to relent? You have used the tones of friendship with me. They are sweet to listen to; but friendship alone is not all that can satisfy the heart. Let me now in other and warmer words attempt—"

What phrases of love he would have spoken, grown desperate with the fear, the

certainly, of losing her forever—how, wrought into a frenzy of passion, he was about to pour forth all the pent-up feelings of his soul with terrible earnestness, not pausing for choice expression, or caring that Philocteres stood by and heard him—regarding nothing, indeed, but the one fact that the moments during which he could have opportunity to persuade and win her from her purpose were swiftly passing—who can tell? For at that instant there came a sudden interruption to his speech, as from one portion of the Roman camp behind arose the loud shout of many voices, and the clash of spears and shields, extending swiftly in each direction around the besieging circle, until the two currents met in a yet louder acclaim upon the farther side.

CHAPTER XVI.

It was no violent outbreak or alarm, but simply the joyous welcome of the camp extended to a cohort from Puteoli, now newly arriving in advance of the larger force of the Tribune Balbus. But, startled into active watchfulness by the sudden outcry, even in that moment of passionate entreaty, Cleon turned his head; and when again he looked around, he found that Thaloe, taking advantage of the confusion, had released herself from his light grasp, and fled to the nearest of the insurgents, who, receiving her into their midst and closing about her, had concealed her from all outward sight.

It was, after all, a proper parting, and the best that could be given. Whatever words Cleon might have uttered, if allowed to go on in his desperate frenzy, could have been of no avail to change her from her purpose; while they too surely would have given her pain, in revealing how far his thoughts had carried him beyond mere friendship. And this he could not but secretly acknowledge to himself; even while standing irresolute, tempted for the moment to plunge insanely into that dark mass of men among whom Thaloe had disappeared, and struggle to drag her again to his side, and there once

more plead his desperate cause with her. For a moment he thus tarried, gazing in the direction whither she had vanished, and hopelessly longing to catch one parting glimpse of her, even were it but the faintest flutter of her floating white robe. Then in despair he turned away, and leaning upon Camillus's arm, slowly passed from the field to his own camp.

"You saw her, Camillus?" he said. "I would have saved her, but she would not that it should be so."

The page remained silent. He had recognized Thaloe, and with rapid thought had taken a true conception of the scene; not only imagining with some correctness the reason for her being there, but also, from face and gesture, gaining an insight into the condition of Cleon's mind. It was as he had long suspected: the image of this unknown young girl was effacing that of the world-admired patrician.

What would Alypia say if she could see and know it all? And what ought he, the brother, to say to Cleon, who thus, in thought at least, was breaking his plighted faith? And yet Cleon was his friend, and such a friend as should not readily be quarreled with. And it might be that some spell or glamour had been laid upon him, confusing his mind with strange perversions of judgment, for which he should not be held responsible, and which of themselves would soon pass away. Meanwhile, it were best, perhaps, that nothing should be said; though it were hard not to show some displeasure. Therefore, biting his lips to repress his speech, Camillus released himself from Cleon's arm, still moving on, however, at his side.

"You are angry with me?" said Cleon, noticing the gesture as well as the downcast, troubled expression of the page. "And you are right, perhaps, in being so. Yet bear with me a little, Camillus. You know not the sore trouble of my mind, nor in how short a time all that has cause to distract me may be over. Have patience, therefore, and if you have rough thoughts in your heart against me, give them not present utterance."

"I know not how to answer," responded the page, holding down his head in dire confusion. "And if I have hard thoughts, I will now keep them to myself. All this, as you say, may soon pass away."

Then he stopped, fearing lest, after all, if he gave his tongue too great present liberty, he might forget his resolution, and speak words to be afterwards regretted. Would that some new event or scene might appear to change this troubled current of their thoughts! And, as though a propitious fate had ordered it, at that moment the opportunity was presented. For they had nearly gained the line of their own camp; and just outside, in a place where the struggle of the preceding night had most terribly prevailed, lay a group of slain insurgents, stretched around in every posture. And among them Camillus recognized the body of the slave Gogos lying upon the back, with the skull and breast-bone beaten in with two ghastly wounds. In that desperate whirl of midnight battle there had been none who could distinguish him to take him alive, and he had fallen, as many a brave man before him.

"See, Cleon!" cried Camillus, pointing thitherward. "Look how, at last, his doom has come!"

They paused for a moment and gazed upon the crushed and mutilated body. One hand was thrown lightly out upon the grass, but in the other was clenched, with a grasp which death itself had not released, a huge battle-ax, gory from edge of blade to handle with the blood of slain legionaries. The slave had evidently well defended himself ere he fell; and even now, as he lay with his face upturned to the sky, there were expressions of passionate hate lingering in the lines of the parted lips, and in the strained and glaring eyes.

Standing there and looking down upon the man, a torrent of strange and contradicting thought swept through Cleon's mind. What would Alypia say when she learned that the murderer had been slain in battle, as bravely as ever a proconsul might be, instead of being reserved for the tortures of the amphitheater? She would be filled with

disappointment, and exhibit anger, of a certainty; and somehow, even in that moment of his mental torture, Cleon almost smiled to himself with grim satisfaction at the picture. So soon in his bitterness of feeling had his love for her turned, not only into indifference, but into dislike. Yes, she would storm and pout, while he—but why indulge in such trivial imaginings as these, when he should dwell only upon the one great thought of Thaloe's doom? Surely, his brain must be bewildered, and he must gaze no longer, lest other singular and inappropriate fancies might arise to trouble him. Therefore he turned away, and descending the ragged sides of the crater slope, stood once more within his own camp, where, on the instant, one of his captains met him with news of what had just transpired.

"A cohort of spearmen has arrived from Puteoli," he reported.

"I so understand. Under whom?"

"Under command of the Captain Gabius."

"Ha! Of the Captain Gabius?" and Cleon frowned as he heard the name of the profligate Roman upon whom he had so lately sworn vengeance: knitting his brow the more, indeed, as at that moment he saw Gabius himself approaching to report his arrival with due subordinate respect. But what pretense of quarrel could he contrive, now that Gabius, though doubtless guilty of having plotted evil against Thaloe, had been forestalled in its execution, and rendered harmless by her flight? Therefore Cleon strove to compose himself, and with proper dissimulation clearing the shadow from his brow, uttered the customary words of welcome.

"To you and your force, good greeting!" he said. "And what news do you now bring?"

"Nothing of import," was the answer, "except that I bear a message from the Tribune Balbus, saying that he will reach us after nightfall."

"It is well. The sooner he may now come, the better will it be."

"And sending instructions, moreover, that no movement shall be made by us

before his arrival, in order not to fail of the most complete victory."

"So let it be, then. Go now, and dispose your force yonder at the other side, where most we need strengthening. And you, Camillus; will you to my tent with me, to rest there?"

The page twisted uneasily about; willing to oblige, and yet not daring to trust himself too near Cleon, lest new discussion might arise, and so lead to the angry words which had thus far been restrained.

"If I am to fight again in the coming battle, Cleon," he at length responded, "there is much that I should like to learn, and this I can the better do by walking over the camp, and watching the number and disposition of the men. Therefore, if you will allow—"

"Enough; be it as you will," was the leader's quick answer, and his face clouded over with sudden anger.

Then, in an instant, he calmed himself. For, after all, was not this boy acting rightly, and with all proper precaution? It was not becoming, indeed, to nourish rage against him; let it rather be sorrow that such a warm young heart should be trembling in the scale that might incline against further friendship. And Cleon walked sadly and alone to his own tent, there to brood over his distress, and vainly, as before, endeavor to contrive some rescue from his troubles.

Meanwhile, the day wore on, bright, warm, and pleasant. No longer the soldiers crouched around the fires, but instead thereof sought the shade of occasional trees, and there, stretched at full length in little groups, slept, or drowsily talked about the past night and its results. All except a few, who, drawn up in proper array, remained guarding the passages from the insurgent camp, to prevent escape. But it was only the mere form of keeping guard. Except to prevent the stealthy escape of single fugitives, there was no need of any guard at all. No further danger existed of organized attack from the imprisoned camp. The insurgents would not fail, perhaps, to resist, at the end, to the death; but they had already spent the best

of their strength in their former conflict, and would not venture to renew that hopeless attack.

Therefore, these few guards stood carelessly at their arms, interchanging merry words with their more fortunate companions who had no duty to perform, and sinking into easy postures, except when, from time to time, at the approach of their officers, they straightened for the moment into more alert and soldierlike appearance. Indeed, throughout all the camp there reigned an air of pleasant relief, as from duties already well performed; for it was known that the fresh legionaries of Balbus would probably fight the closing battle, should such there be, but that all would share alike in the collected spoils.

The afternoon wore on, all things remaining in the same quiet, listless repose. Then from below came one more messenger from Balbus, with tidings similar to the last; and looking down upon the vista beneath, gleaming far and wide in the rays of the declining sun, could be seen, emerging from Neapolis, the glittering shields and spears of the advancing reinforcements. Then slowly sank the sun, and the darkness again spread over earth and sky. The Roman camp now awakened from its repose into new life and activity, with the prospect of a speedy accession to their numbers and the ensuing wild storm of warfare; and again the campfires were lighted and surrounded by eager groups. But no fires appeared in the crater slope, among the imprisoned slaves. Nor now did the swelling notes of the Christian hymns float upon the air. There were silence and darkness—the silence and darkness of despair and assured death.

And still, as throughout all the day, did Cleon gnaw his heart, pondering upon his bitter lot, and vainly torturing himself to find some refuge from it. A hundred times did he almost resolve to give full play to the traitorous impulses which beset him, and with one wild act of desperation throw away the results of the campaign, withdraw his cohorts, and suffer the whole besieged force to escape. But this would be sure

disgrace and death to himself; and could he be certain that, in the quick pursuit which would follow with other forces, it would avail anything to Thaloe? And, one by one, numerous other plans akin to this arose in his mind, each in turn to be dismissed as impracticable.

At times he thought to tell all to the Tribune Balbus, humbling himself in confession, and begging that man to look to it that she was spared. But Balbus was his enemy; and cold, calculating, and ungenerous by nature, would only have smiled in triumph at being able to refuse the request; nay, in his ferocious hate, would probably have taken pains the more surely to defeat all chance of her escape.

Thus tortured with these painful certainties, Cleon passed the hours; now remaining in the loneliness of his tent, now seeking relief by wandering around and watching the ordering of his camp. At last that final hour from which there could be no escape seemed at hand. In the stillness of the night the half-muffled sounds of a moving force, broken now and then by a sharply delivered order, could be heard from below, giving sure indication that Balbus with his forces had begun the ascent of the mountain. In another hour they would be at hand; and almost immediately after that the storm of wild bloodshed and slaughter would break forth.

Listening with helpless misery to these half-stifled sounds, which each moment became more distinct as the reinforcements drew nearer, Cleon once more, with hopeless agitation, began the circuit of his camp, nor stopped in his uneasy, purposeless wandering until he had nearly made its circuit. Then again he paused to listen; but now the sound of the approaching force was no longer to be distinguished. It had passed for the moment in its winding path beneath some overhanging slope, which shut out from above the noise of the march. Nothing now was to be heard except the low muttering of conversation among the nearest soldiers of his own camp, and the somewhat louder sound of two captains of

cohorts gambling at the side of a watch-fire.

A helmet was placed upon the ground between them, and from it they alternately drew forth single pebbles, until it was empty; marking successive passages of good or ill luck with pleased ejaculations or with oaths. The flickering flame cast upon them a ruddy glow, bringing their forms into plain relief, but at the same time increasing by contrast the surrounding obscurity; so that, as Cleon stood at the distance of a few paces, partly shielded by the leafy stump of a broken-down olive tree, he remained unseen by the gamblers, though near enough to overhear the conversation.

"I have won! She is mine!" cried one of them, suddenly leaping to his feet as he saw that he held a majority of the white pebbles; and then Cleon at once recognized him as the Captain Gabius. "Let us now rehearse our bargain, so that there can be no mistake when the time comes for its fulfillment."

"There need be no mistake, surely," rejoined the other. "The matter is plain enough: she is to belong to you, and I am to waive all claim, and to help secure her for you."

"And if in the struggle and confusion of pillage neither of us should chance to secure her—if she should fall into the hands of others?"

"Then must I purchase her for you; that is, if it can be done for no more than twenty-five sesterces, Gabius. If they will not sell her for that, then I give to you the twenty-five sesterces, and you can do further what you please. Is not that the bargain?"

"Exact in every feature," answered Gabius. "And perhaps it may turn out, after all, that the twenty-five sesterces will be the most valuable prize. Remember that I have seen her but little—once from a distance at her garden gate, and now here, from a greater distance; and it may well be that, nearer by, her supposed beauty may be vastly diminished."

"Nay, I can hardly believe that," rejoined the other. "Even across the whole distance

to their camp I could this morning mark her walk and attitude, and the pleasing slope of her shoulders; and I can stand security for her perfection of figure, at the very least. And do you think that the Captain Cleon would have tarried so long and earnestly by her, if there was not some attraction of face, as well?"

"The Captain Cleon is a man in whose judgment in women I would not always care to trust, so little has he ever cultivated it; though I cannot but confess that in the beauteous Alysia he has shown fair taste. Yet even in that matter it may be not so much his taste that is to be commended; for when the whole world is after one prize, it is easy to be drawn into the current of pursuers, and it requires no great discernment thus to yield. But now for a further thought. Cleon himself will doubtless desire to have this girl; for it seems from what has once been said that he has been greatly taken with her. Would you dare to approach him with your twenty-five sesterces, and ask to purchase her from him? And in that case—"

Now softly moving away, Cleon heard not the remainder. He had listened to enough to kindle a consuming fire in his heart. Terrible as had been his reflections before, he had thought of nothing so horrible as this. By some strange omission, he had only imagined Thaloë as given up to death—falling quietly beneath one swift stroke of the sword into her father's arms, and yielding up her breath with the seraph-like smile

of martyrdom upon her face. But now other realities were forced upon him, such as he had never dreamed of before. That she should be saved to become the prey of anybody—much less of this Gabius, whose character was a reproach to the age, even in those days of deep degradation of heart and soul—what should not one who loved her do to avert from her even the chance of such a fate? What sacrifice could be too great to rescue her from such a doom?

Again from below now came the sound of approaching reinforcements, nearer than before. There was no time to be lost. Whatever sacrifice was to be made must be begun at once. And quickened into new activity of thought by the imminence of the emergency, Cleon conceived a plan so wild and desperate, so little likely to be of any avail to her, and so nearly certain to prove his own destruction, that in a saner moment he would have thought twice before adopting it. But time was no longer offered for deliberate reflection, nor was his brain now well poised to weigh the probabilities of success. He only felt that it was, at least, a chance; and rushing back with hasty step, he came again to the two gamblers.

"Ho there, Gabius!" he cried, "go around at once to the rear of the mountain where stands the Captain Burras. Tell him to withdraw his cohort with all haste, and bring the men hither. And let also your cohort be withdrawn from thence, and gathered here in front."

LEONARD KIP.

BY STAGE AND RAIL.

It was not till the Contra Costa hills were passed that I felt sure that it was summer. I had left San Francisco in the morning, and though it was May, the usual rawness of the mist, the bleakness and grayness of the morning air, the monotonous, neutral tint of sky and houses, the dreary quiet of the early walk through the wind-swept streets, the

shiver that the sea-breeze had left tingling in my bones, and the utter lack of light and shade that lay on everything had fairly combined to prevent me from expecting anything of warmth or brightness in the weather.

But once beyond the hills, there came an increasing consciousness of the time of year. The long wet season had just drawn to a

close. Signs of the summer were visible in the clouds of dust and the whiter ripening patches in the fields. But it was not wholly summer. There were clouds still hanging along the horizon to the north, the peaks of the Sierras had no sharpness in the sunlight, the orchards were yet free from their dyspeptic load of dust, and the uplands that climbed to the Coast Range on its eastern flank had as yet none of the dry and leathery look that marks the action of the scorching summer winds.

Yet there was little of poetry in it all. The interminable succession of field on field, the stiff regularity of the orchards and the vineyards, the monotonous similarity of the waystations, presenting the invariable items of a long red depot, hay-scales, hotel, store, and straggling line of houses and saloons, were all too angular and prosaic to excite much pleasurable emotion; and it was no little of relief to think that I had come into this country on business, and not in search of amusement or of pleasure. Wider view might have removed this impression; but there was no compromise with the size or shape of the rectangular patch permitted by the window, and I had long since lost the energy to seek it from the platform.

With such an outlook, there was little to excite even a passing interest. It grew steadily hotter and dustier all day long, and the setting of the sun left us almost as hot and dusty as at noon. I don't know why, but I had the impression that the sun was still up for a full hour after it had disappeared. The glare of light was the same; the hard practicality of the air was still consistent with the afternoon; and it was the sudden dropping of the darkness only that brought the consciousness of night. The wind rose later, and increased with the coming of the stars. The sweep of valley began to narrow after the brakeman lighted the lamps. An hour's tedious ride brought us to the crossing of the Sacramento; and later on, to Redding—a town so irregular and scattered that, from the appearance of lights in all directions, it seemed at first sight a large and populous place.

My second impression, taken the following morning, was that it had been a town once, but had partly moved on, its scattered houses were so out of keeping with all village regularity. There were no lines of trees along its streets, in which vagrant breezes might lurk to temper the noonday heat to the shorn lambs of Redding: no flower gardens nor spots of green for the eye to turn to, rejoice in, or rest upon; only a rambling line of road along the hillside, that shambled dustily down at the southern end to the grade of the railroad and the turn-table; and along the upper side of this a row of business houses, with their backs burrowed into the hill like vegetables, and their fronts dignifiedly propped up, as if their effort at level-headedness had set them a peg above their neighbors. The sideling nature of the road had evidently discouraged building on the lower slope; and the few houses facing up the hill presented a ludicrous appearance of constantly bracing themselves, and holding on to keep from slipping down.

An observant person might have found some compensation for this practicality in the wild natural aspect of the neighborhood. Redding is essentially a foothill town. There is a huge blue mountain that towers above it on the west; crumpled country in and all around it; the lower peak of Iron Mountain rising to the north, and farther on the snowy cap of Shasta. There are great gulches in the hill-sides and cuts in the yellow soil that have been swollen water-courses in the winter; and back from the main street are long lines of pines that paint gigantic stripes of black and yellow in the sunlight on the slopes. Off to the east, the land waves that hurried down toward the bluff and river were fresh and green, their crests just flecked with the foam of buttercups and daisies; while quaint, spicy odors were continually in the air.

The town of Redding owes its origin to the railroad. Its first population consisted mainly of the class that follow the fortunes of "the end of the road." Many of its people to-day expect to move on when the

railroad goes. But it has been some years since the terminus was established at this point, and though it has been announced several times that the work would at once be pushed on, Redding remains to-day the end of the line, with no immediate fear of being otherwise. This period of quiet has taken the edge from the restlessness of the migratory class. On the crest of the hill, back from the dusty business street, have grown up clusters of quiet homes. People of less transient purpose, too, have come to locate there, and it has been found that the town is no longer dependent on the fortunes of its pioneers. It has become the business center of the surrounding region, and is the shipping point for the great wool and lumber interests of the hill country to the east.

A fruitful source of income is the supply traffic with the teamsters that haul between Redding and Yreka, and other outlying towns. Almost any time of day one or more mule teams can be seen dragging their long wagons and "back-action" attachments along the street toward the corrals at the southern end of town. Later on, the teamsters themselves can be found about the Railroad House at the foot of the hill. They are a democratic class, and seek this lower level because of a despised refinement and suspected tendency to æstheticism in the dwellers on the hill; to use their own language, it was "too high-toned fur Pikers up there."

To avoid being included in this general condemnation, I descended to the level of the Railroad House, and sat down on the bench that runs along the front. A fat, pleasant-faced German who was sitting there nodded, and without speaking moved slightly over so as to give me room. As I sat down, three teamsters, who were also leaning against the wall, stared inquiringly for a moment, but immediately relapsed into their former listlessness of attitude. There was nothing said to that effect, but somehow I felt that they were waiting for me to speak, and that they expected me to say something. Finally, turning to the German, I briefly stated my business.

Was an immigration agent. Had come there in the interest of an eastern company. Desired to examine the resources of the country, and report on its availability for purposes of settlement. There had been some correspondence with a Mr. Allen, who held land some distance to the north-east. Wished to visit his place, and also to talk with a Mr. Ricksecker, who clerked in a hotel. "Owned de hotel," interrupted the German. Ah, yes—owned a hotel; then this was Mr. Ricksecker.

There was a local color in his voice, almost as florid as the prevailing tint of soil, as he opened into a statement concerning the advantages of the country, with a volubility which, like the people on the hill, might have been objected to at times as rather high-toned in expression. He told me—what I already knew—that the county contained nearly 2,500,000 acres; and that the unoccupied part, about 2,000,000 acres, was largely adapted to the raising of wheat, grapes, and all kinds of fruit; and all open to immigration. I listened with some impatience, and I fear, after a little, rather absently; for my attention was distracted by the teamsters, who were emulating each other in killing flies on the platform in front of them with tobacco juice at long range. He was still expatiating, and the fly contest was still continuing with absorbing interest, when my attention was recalled by a question put directly to the teamsters.

"Look here, poys, how is de best way to get over from here to Allen's?"

There was a general wave of implied ignorance ran over the group, but no further definite answer.

"Is de stage runnin', John?"

"It may be, if it's got out of that slough on the Flat, where I saw it yesterday."

There seemed to be some doubt implied in this, and the landlord addressed another of the three, who was using his knife to pick his back teeth, with an expression on his face much as if his jaw was dislocated.

"Vere's your brown mare, Milt?"

"Fell with me yesterday, and skinned both her knees."

This, too, implying a negative, I turned interrogatively to the third, who spoke of his own accord.

"I got a horse," he said, "if you think you kin find the trail."

"Wot's gone of the trail?" said the second man, shortly.

"We-el, nothin' particular. It's fair as trails go. I've traveled wuss, an' I've seen better."

"Is this horse-trail to Allen's," I asked, "hard to follow?"

"Well, you see thar's three hoss-trails from yere to Allen's. Two of 'em's tollable hard to find, and the other one's tollable hard to find too."

"Would there be much danger in getting lost if I happened to get off the trail?"

"O h——I, no. Only worryin', an' time lost wanderin' round in the grease brush. Thar's places scattered all over the country, an' if you take the upper trail most of the way's along the stage road anyway."

It is needless to say that the prospect of reaching Allen's in this way did not present the greatest allurements possible, and I was trying to reconcile my inclination to the necessity of a horse and the "upper trail," when the first teamster who had spoken again lifted up his voice:

"Thar's Pike Gupton a-comin': why don't you ask him? He's goin' out the way with a load of fruit in the mornin', and might see you up the cañon to Allen's, if ye don't mind stoppin' a while at the widder's."

A broad grin followed this bit of local pleasantry, and in the face of it came a shambling step on the platform, and its victim stopped before us. He bowed slightly to me, spoke to the men beyond, crossed over, and then sat down by the landlord; and shoving his hat to the back of his head, turned toward me, and cast a questioning glance full in my face.

He was tall and rather spare; but for all that, impressed one in his movements with a sense of physical power. His hair and mustache were both long and blonde; and when embarrassed he had the habit of

pulling the latter bashfully. He wore a blue woolen shirt, brown overalls and jumper, heavy boots, coarse buckskin gloves, and a limp felt hat that had once been black. He was not prepossessing in dress, but there was a humorous twinkle in his blue eyes, and a kindly lighting of his face in speaking, that drew me to him from the first; and I ventured to prefer my request for passage, which was at once cheerfully granted. Some one called him, however, and he went into the house.

The conversation flagged listlessly, and succumbing to the general atmosphere, I silently lounged back on the bench, listening to the desultory remarks that bubbled up from the group at my side. As I sat there, with the sleepy figures near me, the hot, sluggish air around, and the torpid town in the dusty sun beyond, I found it hard to remember that I had ever lived a different or more active life; and even the ringing of the supper-bell inside awakened little interest, though it did arouse the group to general movement.

The supper-room was long and low, and had the rare virtue of comparative cleanliness. The majority of its length was taken up by three tables, at the farthest of which a damp-looking young woman on a high stool was engaged in cleaning knives, as she, at the same time, overlooked the general efforts for the comfort of the guests. I think one might have marked it for a dining-room without the sense of sight. There was no distinctive flavor of prior guests about its whitewashed walls, and brown, well-sanded floor; but an uneasy odor of preceding breakfasts and forgotten dinners and long-departed suppers possessed and permeated its atmosphere, and stalked in primal strength along the aisles. There was a certain distinct assertiveness about it too—and I have noticed that it held this in common with other rural hotels—that was full as filling as the food that followed it.

The natives did not seem to notice it, however, and the silence, broken only by the clatter of knives and the noise of busy

lips, told how sincere was the attention given to the fried mutton, rolls, crab-apples, and coffee that made up the meal. The whole affair was marked by the greatest frankness and informality. Every man helped himself to what he could reach with his own knife and fork; and the ministrations of the Chinese cook were chastely veiled from the public by the intervention of a weak-eyed girl who served as waiter.

Later on, conversation flowed more freely, relating chiefly to teaming and statements as to the condition of the roads. And the briskness displayed at table was such an advance on the listlessness of the afternoon, that when a chance word brought up the subject of politics, the interest grew quite exciting. I recollect that one man spoke bitterly against the enforcement of the Sunday law by the "water cranks," as he was pleased to denominate the Prohibition faction. The same ideas have since been often advanced on much more important authority, and it may be interesting to quote them here.

"Look at 'em tryin' to shet a man out of enjoyin' the only holiday he has in the whole week! Whar's the rights to do it? Was it law? Mighty fine law—made so as to hit the poor man, without touchin' them as made it. How was them that made it elected? With votes bought with poor men's stolen money.

"Didn't the saloons ought to be closed on Sunday? Wot for? Did them preachers ever stop eatin' or drinkin', themselves? Talkin' a lot of rot about arrestin' men fur sellin' a glass of lickor on Sunday, an' they settin' back an' preachin' an' workin' just as bad. Them laws 'd never been passed if the legislature had been Democratic.

"It's agin freedom, and it's agin all government," he added. "The law never intended thet one man shud be hindered more nor another in eatin' or drinkin' what he liked. That's why it can't never be inforced. God never intended that the man thet worked all week shouldn't go out and enjoy himself on Sunday; an' people as don't like it must look out fur themselves."

He was still talking, and with seemingly

unabated fertility of expression, when I escaped to the bar-room. When Mr. Gupton followed, he sought me by the doorway. "Better not stay up late," he said; "I shall call you so as to pull out pretty early in the mornin'."

I thanked him, and would have warmed at once into conversation, but he excused himself and departed to look after his team.

The old dullness settled down again when he had gone. The teamsters lounged back one by one, and settled themselves around the room. The political discussion was reopened in one corner, but it failed to awaken more than a passing interest. In an hour the majority had shuffled off to their blankets at the corral. Mr. Ricksecker was absent, and I saw nothing more of Mr. Gupton. I sat there silently, until, disgusted and bored, I likewise determined to retire. A breath of fresh air from the doorway attracted me, and I stepped out onto the platform.

It was a lovely night. The cold wind that commonly swept in with the skirts of the darkness was this evening wanting in Redding. The little town was heavy with warm, resinous odors, and a strange incense from the woods seemed to roll down from the hill-sides and hang in the still air. Here and there, against the shadow of the pines, uncurtained windows stood out staringly bright; and down by the corrals lanterns were dancing and moving quickly in the darkness. There was no sound nor motion in ground or trees or sky. The darkness had settled down so quietly upon the town that it had only served to fan its listlessness to quiet with its purple wings. Its slumber was as still and passionless as the white outline of the Sierras that stood distantly etched against the still more passionless stars. No wonder that my feet lingered as I climbed the hill, and that it seemed as if the warm air perfumed my blood, and played about my temples like the laying on of soft and benedictory hands.

I was returning to the hotel, at the edge of the platform, feeling somewhat awed in the stillness, when suddenly, sharply, a shrill shout broke out in the darkness. The hills

caught it, and sent it echoing back and forward across the cañon; the dogs barked all around the town; there was a clatter of hoofs as a horseman galloped away into the shadows; the breeze drew its breath quickly through the pines; somewhere something moved and rustled audibly; a horse whinnied restlessly at the corral. And then the silence fell again, quieter, darker, and more hushed. But the spell of the night was broken, and with cooler face and calmer pulse I sought the house and bed.

I was aroused next morning from a sense of luxurious rest and peaceful slumber by the persuasive voice of Mr. Gupton, who was hammering on the door to remind me of his intention of making an early start. I got up. The wind had risen, and through the darkness I could hear it rattling the curtain at the window. A dash of cold water outside and a cup of coffee within braced me to meet its chilliness. It was only three o'clock, but the moving of lights and an occasional freedom of epithet that came from the corral gave evidence that the teamsters were already busy with their stock. Fifteen minutes later we were on the wagon and moving slowly to the north.

To say that it was dark does no justice to the inky blackness that hung over us. The underbrush was swallowed up completely in the shadow, and only where it overhung the road, and drew cold, leafy fingers across the face and person, was it at all distinguishable. It was not long, however, before our eyes became more accustomed to the darkness. I could see the road outlined by shadowy pines that hid the glimmering stars. I could distinguish, without touching, the driver at my side. Our progress was largely an instinct resting with the horses. For a long time we traveled in silence, and I suspect that I went to sleep. I remember only the crossing of the Sacramento, and the encounter of an endless train of pitchy-hued objects, which seemed to slip away and leave us as we passed. We were on the grade when the stars began to pale. I brightened up in time to see the hard line of the hills grow clear and distinct, the familiar outlines

of the trees and rocks come back; and then, on the point where the road wound round a rocky ridge, we halted the tired horses for a moment's rest, and waited for the coming dawn.

It came with orange blushing into crimson, with crimson paling into silver, with silver warming into violet and flushing into rose. There was the dryness of early summer in the breeze that blew up from the north. We were too close beneath the foot of Shasta to catch the reflection from its white-mitered crest. But immediately at our feet lay the river, yellow and unlovely, and the rapidly opening valley. Its nearer depths were suffused with a blue, transparent haze that rose to our faces in thin, tremulous waves, and flooded the air with its odorous spices. Beyond the hill country to the south a sharply defined line of yellowish white indicated the plains; east and west the foothills rose, strongly bristled with chaparral, making the barrenness of the ridge on which we stood seem more marked by contrast. Above us was the scorched and treeless mountain, with gaunt hollows worn in its red flanks, and here and there a gleaming mass of granite, where the skeleton showed through the wasted flesh. Marks of volcanic action lay all around us; and in the lower flats were occasional odd, compact-looking houses, like other blocks of lava, scattered in the valleys, as if they were the *scorie* blown there by some great eruption.

"Do you see that house yander in the cañon?" said Mr. Gupton, pointing to the north.

"The low one with the white barn and corral?"

"Ya-as. Well, that's the Widder Briggs's, an' we're a-goin' to stop there fur breakfast."

Mr. Gupton's relations to the widow had been so fruitful a theme for wit at the Railroad House, that I confess to a reasonable degree of curiosity as to the lady's personal appearance. I found her tall and fairly comely, but with a carelessness of style in dress that spoke a nature untrammelled by the restraints of society. She cooked well,

however, and was clean—two things that went far to raise her in my estimation. It had been popularly asserted that there was something in Mr. Gupton's person and manner that excited the susceptible nature and stirred a tender sentiment in the heart of this fair widow; but beyond a tendency to hover round him coyly with a larger variety of dishes than that commonly set before the passing guest, a proneness to giving personal attention to his wants, and a disposition to occasionally urge upon him the special virtues of some edible, I saw no ground for the report. A lingering curiosity in the matter made me return to the subject when we were again on the road, and finally I drew him into expressing his views on love and marriage.

"Wot I'd like to know," said he, pulling his mustache, "is this: Kin a man go into this sort of thing, when it gets the drop on him, satisfied that it'll come out as he laid it out to when he started in; an' haz he got any assurance thet he'll be findin' what he expected if he does git to make it go? Now them two things is the biggest pints in the whole matter, an' blame my pictur if I'm sure about either one of 'em. Now yere's my brother at Tehamy's been married seven year, an' he thinks it's the biggest thing in

Californy; and yere's me a-looking at the little widder, an' canvassin' myself fur symptoms, and d——n me if I kin tell whether I've got 'em or not. 'Pears to me thet some people takes things fur certain on powerful slim proof. I've lived with my brother, yer see, and it's made me kind o' shaky. When I git up there on the ridge where we were this mornin', and see the sun rise, and look down on the widder's, I say to myself, 'Pike, ye're in love with thet woman'; and then when I get down on the flat, an' stop at the house, I find myself a-sayin', 'Lord bless you, Pike, this yere love's like the chills—a man ketches it in the air—but it's never killed nobody yet. Hold on a bit, an' you'll rekiller.' An' I've held on."

We had turned into a side path; and as he finished speaking the wagon drew up at the door of a story-and-a-half house at the mouth of a narrow cañon.

"This yere's Allen's," he added.

"But, Mr. Gupton," I said, as I climbed to the ground, "why don't you marry the widow, anyway, and take the chances?"

"Mebbe I should," he answered, "if it wa'n't fur one pint."

"What is that?" said I.

"Thet she's got a husband already, in the mines."

WARREN CHENEY.

FOUR FACES.

FROM out a panel dark upon my wall
Sweet faces plead with me—pure faces all.

This face—its sadness words can never tell:
A face where hope has well-nigh ceased to dwell;
But anger, silent curse for sin, mark not
The lips where patient will still swerves no jot.
Those clear, sad eyes have seen with searching sight
That men will cling to wrong and war with right;
That he who teaches truth with toil and tears
Wins only in the lapse of patient years.
I see in this mute face, as stern as fate,
"How shall the world be made regenerate?"

And this is wan with ceaseless strain of nerve,
 And restless spirit sharpens every curve;
 But hope undaunted lusters bright the eyes.
 No time is there for doubts and tears and sighs.
 The burning soul one thought of worth doth rate,
 "How shall the world be made regenerate?"

This, meek with simple faith and dull of mind;
 No subtle feeling shapes its oval line;
 No question bold of life or God or creed.
 The master's work to do, his truth to heed,
 As taught by mighty strength of greater minds,
 Is all of life this peaceful worker finds;
 Yet heedless works the problem, old of date,
 "How shall the world be made regenerate?"

This face of pureness, upward turned to God,
 In anguish begs of him to spare the rod.
 And tearful, pleading love and mercy sweet,
 So leads some sinner to the master's feet.
 Sweet pleader, striving early, striving late,
 "How shall the world be made regenerate?"

While such sweet faces hourly plead one cause,
 The world rolls round in maze of tangled laws.
 Of heedless parents heedless babes are born;
 A million such for one great soul to warn
 The world and lead her, doubting, striving still,
 A step in upward paths against her will.
 And goodness shackled with a hundred wrongs,
 Her way is wending through the mocking throngs.
 Yet God-ward moves the world, and proves the might,
 The grand, the fearless, deathless strength of right;
 And answer gives, though mocking man and fate,
 That yet the world shall be regenerate.

GREGORY MITCHELL.

THE FACE IN THE PICTURE.

WE were three students of art in Paris, warm friends and constant companions.

Harold Astley was a young Englishman, sturdy, frank, earnest—a real "heart of oak"; an artist from inclination, not necessity, as he belonged to an old and wealthy family.

Arthur Lawrence and myself were Americans, although from different States, and

unknown to each other until thrown together in the art galleries of Paris. Arthur Lawrence had a face like St. John's, and a nature so finely attuned that life had for him much more of pain than pleasure. He was the most talented of our trio, but there was something weird about his pictures that I felt would prevent their ever finding the

popular heart. However, he, too, did not need to live by his art, as he had inherited a comfortable income.

I myself, Frank Kenneth, at your service, was a "happy-go-lucky" sort of fellow, the only one of the three who meant to adopt art as a profession. Although I was not reduced to the proverbial "bread and water and a garret" of the continental art student, yet my income was so small as to require close economy.

Ordinary acquaintances considered Arthur Lawrence an odd sort of fellow, and we who knew him well did not quite understand him. Some of his moods were sad and strange, and his beautiful eyes were often haunted by a far-away expression, "as if he saw spirits," Astley said. Ladies voted him "interesting," and adored him accordingly, although he made no effort to obtain their admiration.

Among our acquaintances was a very beautiful girl—well born, well bred, wealthy, charming—with whom Astley and I were more than half in love; but her smiles were all for our friend, upon whom they were utterly thrown away. We were rallying him a little about her one day.

"Do you think I am conceited enough to imagine every woman I meet in love with me?" asked Lawrence.

"Not you, indeed," answered Astley. "But if you would keep your senses about you a little more, you would see what is as plain as the nose on your face. I only wish I stood in your shoes"; and the big fellow heaved a huge sigh.

"In my shoes!" Lawrence's face changed. "Astley, you don't know what you are saying."

After a pause, he got up and went to a cabinet, taking therefrom a portfolio, and from the portfolio a picture. This he brought and silently proffered for our inspection. It was a head in water-colors—a beautiful young girl. The soft eyes, the tender, babyish mouth, seemed to wear an appealing expression. The golden-brown hair was arranged in a quaint fashion, as one sees in old portraits.

"What an exquisite face!" exclaimed I. "Who is she?"

"My dream-wife," was the quiet answer. Astley and I stared at him.

"It is true," he said. "It is a face that haunts my sleeping and waking dreams. Astley says I see spirits, and I think he is about half right. Until I find the living likeness of that picture, no woman's face will have any charm for me."

He put the picture carefully away, and then resuming his seat beside us, fell into a deep reverie. We were used to his moods, and soon began to talk of other matters. After a while he roused himself and joined in our conversation.

Talking the matter over afterward, Astley and I came to speak of strange and puzzling likenesses in general, and Astley said:

"Lawrence's face seemed strangely familiar to me the first time I ever met him. Somewhere I have seen a similar face, and the remembrance haunts me, although I am never able to straighten it out in my mind."

It was early summer. Astley was going home for a month's pleasuring, and Lawrence and myself had been invited to accompany him. We accepted the invitation gladly.

Astley Hall dated from the time of the Tudors. It contained many treasures for the artist and antiquarian; and we Americans looked forward with interest to a sojourn within the walls of the venerable pile.

The carriage waited at the station as, after an uneventful trip across the Channel, and a pleasant ride by rail from Dover, we neared our journey's end. A short drive brought us in sight of Astley Hall, with its towers and wings and stacks of chimneys, standing picturesque and stately in the midst of beautiful surroundings of lawn and park.

The sight made Astley and myself more eager and talkative; but Lawrence, who during the journey had until now been unusually lively, suddenly grew silent, and answered only in monosyllables when addressed.

As we passed into the house, through the paved hall, and up the massive oaken stair, Lawrence's face wore a strange expression

that I could not understand. At dinner, in spite of his efforts to appear at ease before Astley's relatives, I could see that he was restless and absent-minded.

His eyes wandered often to an old painting, a mythological picture, which hung over the high, carved mantel in the handsome, old-fashioned dining-room.

After Astley had seen us comfortably established in our apartments, and bidden us good night, Lawrence came across the corridor, and threw himself into an easychair in my room.

For a time he gazed steadily into vacancy; then looking up, he asked abruptly:

"Frank, have you ever felt as if in some past age you had had another existence? Do words that you hear sometimes impress you strangely, as if you had heard them before, and knew just what was to follow? Do certain scenes seem strangely familiar, although you know that you are looking upon them for the first time?"

I confessed to a dim comprehension of his meaning; for what human being has not at some time or other felt as if the veil between the tangible and the intangible were a little bit lifted. However, my impressions were not of a kind to trouble me much.

"The truth is," continued Lawrence, "it seems to me as if I had seen this place before; as if in some other existence I had been an actor in the midst of these surroundings. I don't think I am quite like other people," he went on, after a pause—"a little bit uncanny," with a half laugh that ended in a sigh.

I tried to reason him out of the mood; grew philosophical, and settled the matter quite to my own satisfaction; but as he arose and went slowly from the room, I saw that I had produced little impression on him.

The next morning, after breakfast, we started for a tour of the house.

"Let us go first to the portrait gallery, for that is the key to all the rest," said Astley, to which we willingly assented.

It was a long, narrow room, lighted from above. On the walls hung portraits of many generations of dead-and-gone Astleys. Cav-

aliers with plume and doublet; ladies in ruff and stomacher; the powdered wigs and knee-breeches; the short waists and huge bonnets of the last century; and so to modern times.

I was going leisurely along, listening to scraps of biography of this one and that, when a low exclamation from Lawrence, as he stopped abruptly before one of the portraits, drew my attention.

Astley glanced at the picture, then at Lawrence; then caught my arm excitedly, and whispered:

"Do you see the resemblance? It is his likeness to Archibald Astley that has puzzled me so long."

It was a well-painted portrait of a handsome young man dressed in the costume of the time of Charles the First. The resemblance between the painted face and the living face below it was startling.

Lawrence gazed at the picture earnestly, and drew his hand across his forehead, as if to clear away the cobwebs from his brain. I watched him anxiously, thinking of his strange words the night before.

"There is a strange story connected with the life of Sir Archibald Astley," said Harold. "He was a romantic young fellow, very talented as an artist; a pupil of Van Dyke. That picture over the mantel in the dining-room, which I saw Lawrence scanning, is his work. He secretly married a beautiful girl, and installed her in apartments in this house, entered only by a concealed door. Just what were the obstacles to the announcement of the marriage, I do not know. Many have thought that she was a nun stolen from a French convent, and that he wished to conceal her until the excitement caused by her disappearance had died away. One day she was found dead in her bed. An enemy had discovered her hiding place, and in some way managed to send her an effective dose of poison; but who he was and what was his motive for the deed was never fully made public. This occurred during the civil war, when the alarming state of public affairs caused private occurrences to be overlooked. The whole story is a vague, disjointed tradition."

"And the apartment—can we see it?" I asked eagerly.

"As I said, the apartment was entered by a concealed door. After the tragic death of his wife, the house was shut up, and the owner went abroad, where he soon after died. The two old servants who had shared his confidence he took with him to the continent, and they, like their master, came back no more. The secret of the concealed door died with them. The estate at the death of Sir Archibald passed to a distant branch of the family, and to this day the location of the secret apartment remains a mystery."

Lawrence, who, intently gazing at the portrait, had not seemed to hear a word we were saying, suddenly turned and walked toward the door of the gallery. His face was like the face of a sleep-walker, and much startled, we followed him.

He went rapidly along the winding corridors, like one acquainted with every step of the way, and finally, in the oldest portion of the mansion, entered a room which had evidently been used as a lumber room for generations. Parts of old armor, moth-eaten tapestry, carved chests, spiral-legged chairs and tables, were heaped together—a motley collection that would have gladdened the eyes of an antiquarian.

Lawrence gave one comprehensive glance as he entered, then walked straight across the room, lifted a square of old tapestry, and began to run his hand over one of the panels of the wall. A moment, and it slid slowly back, revealing a dark, narrow passage-way. He sprang in, and after a glance at each other's white, awe-struck faces, Astley and I followed him.

Again we heard him fumbling at the wall. Then a door swung open on creaking hinges, revealing a small but lofty room, dimly lighted by windows far up toward the ceiling, so narrow that they seemed mere slits in the massive wall.

The apartment had been richly furnished in the style of an age long past, but now everything was dusty, faded, moth-eaten, and mildewed. A high, carved bedstead, with

thick hangings closely drawn, stood in one corner. A frame holding some unfinished embroidery was close at hand. Portions of feminine apparel lay on a chair. Evidently a woman had been the last occupant.

At the opposite side of the room stood a portrait, not quite completed, of a beautiful young woman. Lawrence went directly toward it, and with a cry threw himself on his knees before it.

In spite of ourselves, Astley and I both echoed the cry. That face, the soft appealing eyes, the tender, pathetic mouth, the oddly arranged hair—it was the likeness of Arthur Lawrence's "dream-wife."

I was a strong, healthy man, not troubled with nerves, and freer from superstition than most people; but for a moment the room spun around me, and I leaned heavily against my companion, who, though calmer than I, trembled like an aspen. After a while I got back a measure of self-possession.

"Let us leave this accursed room!" I cried.

Lawrence still knelt before the portrait.

I spoke to him; he did not answer. I went forward and touched his shoulder; he did not move.

Thinking he had fainted, we carried him back to his own bright, cheerful room, and applied restoratives, but all to no purpose. He was dead.

We laid him in the family vault of the Astleys, dimly conscious that it was his rightful resting place.

Sir Roger, Harold's father, had the secret chamber immediately torn open and dismantled, and the many strange relics that it contained removed to other parts of the house.

Some letters, yellow and faded, found in an ebony cabinet, revealed a fact in the history of Sir Archibald Astley hitherto unknown. Shortly after Lady Astley's arrival at the Hall, she had given birth to her daughter; and the infant, who could not safely be concealed with the mother, had been secretly conveyed to France in charge of a faithful couple; she was to bear the name of

Cécile L'Estrange, until acknowledged by her father. As the baronet died shortly after his wife's murder, the child's name and position remained unrevealed.

Among the treasures of the secret chamber was a jeweled clasp of curious foreign workmanship. One of the old letters referred to this clasp, and mentioned a duplicate, which, with a few other valuables, had been left with the child. Turning the clasp over in my hand, I touched a concealed spring. A plate slipped back, revealing two locks of hair, and the letters A and C intertwined in a true love-knot.

My nerves had not recovered from the shock they had previously received in that room, and I dropped the clasp with a shiver of superstitious awe.

Returning to Paris, we found Arthur's affairs in perfect order, as if the idea of sudden death had been no stranger to his thoughts. A will of late date, saying that he was the last of his race, left his property to Harold and myself.

Among Arthur's personal effects we came across a carved box that bore evidence of great age. Within lay a small jeweled cross and a rare old filigree chain. As I lifted the shining coil, something glittered beneath. The bright sunshine streaming in at the open windows seemed suddenly to

grow cold. There lay a clasp, the counterpart of the one I had examined in the secret chamber of Astley Hall.

With trembling fingers I searched for the concealed spring. It answered my touch, and once more I saw two locks of hair, and the letters A and C in a true love-knot. Among Arthur's papers we afterward found these things referred to as "jewels that once belonged to a French ancestress of mine, named Cécile L'Estrange."

By what mysterious course of inheritance Arthur's ancestor lived again in him, unchanged in face and in all the impulses connected with the great passion of his life, who can guess?

The years that have passed since the events narrated above have brought me fame and fortune. Harold Astley's sister Alice is my dear wife, and we spend much time at the old hall. It has now no mysterious chamber, but the long picture gallery is an eerie place to me.

When I glance at the sweet, girlish face smiling down from the old portrait that now hangs in its rightful place beside that of Sir Archibald Astley, not even the touch of my wife's warm hand or the happy voices of my two sturdy boys can banish the fingers of ice that for the moment seem to clutch my heart.

EMILY BROWNE POWELL.

CARLO GOLDONI.

Of all the figures that stand forth against the background of the decrepit civilization of the Italy of the eighteenth century, none towers higher above the surrounding intellectual littleness than that of the old Venetian advocate and playwright, Carlo Goldoni.

For two centuries Italian literature had wandered ever farther from the plain path of truth and the study of nature. The *accademia* of Rome and Florence had found servile imitators throughout the peninsula. The old robust strength and concentration

of the *cinque-cento* passing through the formal classicism and pedantry of the *seicento* had reached, in the eighteenth century, the lowest ebb of effeminacy and prolific vapidness of production. Literature attempted to supply the place of life, and for lack of other material, turned and wove for itself a shroud from its own vitals.

Italy was led captive by foreign powers, and served as a battle-ground for half the armies of Europe. With the political slavery came intellectual stagnation and social

chaos. The descendants of the mighty warriors and statesmen who had left their mark upon all time were perfumed fops in powder and gold lace, who gambled, and fought mock duels with toy swords, and passed their lives in caressing lap-dogs, and scribbling sonnets in honor of their be-patched, be-farthingaled mistresses. Every meeting of gallants and ladies was the scene of hot literary discussion. Muses in rouge and brocade sipped their chocolate and listened critically to false quantities and ear-grating rhythm. Vice and ignorance grinned like skulls from behind the powder and patches. There was no hope for Italy but in an intellectual regeneration that should keep pace with the political.

This was especially the case in the northern districts, where the influence of the proximity of the French nation had always made itself strongly felt. Venice in particular caught the tone of French circumstance, from the fashion in which her nobles tied their ribbons, the games of chance with which they wore away their trivial lives, and the artificial immorality upon which they prided themselves, to the quick, bright wit, the hot heads and hearts, and the eager, childlike gayety that characterized the people. Venice, like Paris, was the hot-bed of dissipation, the center of artistic merit and appreciation, the seat of pomp and mirth and revelry—not the solid, magnificent revelry of the ages behind, the honest heart-burst of a powerful state, but the languid intoxication of a decayed and broken mind that craves forgetfulness.

The false, pitiful gayety, the pathetic hollowness of life of the Venetian aristocrats, the fresh, simple happiness of the Venetian people, which had rolled down through the centuries from the youth of the republic like a river of sweet waters, were to find a worthy exponent in the person of a man who was to bear the same relation to the city of his birth that Molière and Beaumarchais bore in their several phases to the corrupt, brilliant, haughty Paris of their different epochs. He was to resemble Molière in his portrayal of the burgher and aristocrat life of his city and time.

With the old French playwright, the stage is never forgotten, nor the presence of the royal patron, seated high in his gilded box. The poor, the humble, the neglected, have no place in his heart. Only the keen brilliancy of dramatic analogy and perception, and strong artistic sense of method, are there. But with the old Venetian, every poor, brave, merry soul that toiled for its daily bread among the canals of Venice is brought with large-hearted sympathy into the work of his strong head and tender soul. Molière was a man of the people, who carried his quick plebeian wit to the court-market, and fawned upon his purchasers while he growled gently at them under his breath. Goldoni was a man of the people, who stood firm upon his own individuality, unshaken by the wrath or the friendship of the great, true to his own perceptions of human nature. He was a democrat in the noblest sense. He looked at life with pure, keen, simple, direct gaze.

His resemblance to Beaumarchais occurs chiefly in an analogy of circumstance. The plays that the French poet offered to the tottering court and the inflammable capital kindled the ready-laid fire of the revolution, with the covert sneer at the vices of the French aristocrat. Goldoni's satire, with all its truth and aptness, had no sting of bitterness, no design subversive of the law. It was the keen insight of a man of the world, with a strong perception of the ludicrous, and great natural common sense, who was half grieved and half angry that the vitality and strength of the glorious Venetian state should have produced no worthier results than the rouged and powdered fools who dragged the greatest names of the republic through the mud of effeminacy, dissoluteness, and soul annihilation.

Yet the plays of Goldoni, written for bread and from pure circumstantial observation, unconsciously ministered to the same ends, and aroused the same passions as the designedly wrought satire of Beaumarchais. They showed to the people of Italy, high and low, the home-bred degradation and folly that were drawing on the enslaved and

down-trodden country to extinction, far more than the material tyranny and despotism of the foreign invaders. The lesson sank deep into their hearts, gathered strength year by year, and was brought forth into the daylight of regenerated Italy, one with the teachings of the great poets and patriots of the liberal school. Goldoni might well join hands with Alfieri as one of the great motive forces of the Italian revolution. The spontaneous, objective epigrammatist touched the lighter side of those same lethargic but noble natures that the tragic poet aroused from their shameful apathy with loud soulcries of truth and freedom.

Goldoni was born in Venice early in the eighteenth century, into easy circumstances, neither high nor low. There was a prophetic significance in the very amusements of his childhood. When he was but four years old his father gave him a puppet-theater, and devoted his leisure hours to teaching his son to manage the miniature humanity of the stage. At the age of eight, Carlo wrote his first comedy, which was pronounced by his mother and tutor to contain germs of decided talent.

Poverty had, in the mean time, overtaken the family. The boy's father, who had been educated to no profession, began thus late in life to study medicine in Rome, and soon removed to Perugia, where he established himself as a physician. He wrote to his wife to send their son to him. In Perugia the boy entered school, and distinguished himself by his quickness in learning. Under his father's guidance, he acted with his school-mates in the theater of one of the great palaces.

He was soon placed at a higher school in Rimini, where he remained some months, wasting his time, he tells us, on uncongenial and useless studies. At last there came to Rimini a company of players, and Goldoni went night after night to the theater. For the first time he saw women on the stage; for in the papal provinces actresses were banished from the scene, and their places supplied by beardless boys. He fell in love, this youth of fifteen, with the collective

assembly of beauty. He was virtually adopted by the company, dined with the manager, hung about the theater whenever he could steal away from home, and lived in an enchanted, roseate atmosphere of illusion and ecstasy.

But there came a day when the manager announced his intention of deserting Rimini for more profitable regions. Poor Carlo's heart was nearly broken. "We are going to Chioggia," said the players, seductively. "Come with us, dear Carlo." The boy's mother was then living in Chioggia, a quaint old fishing-town at the entrance of the lagunes, a few miles below Venice. The temptation was great. He agreed to accompany them to Chioggia, and announced his intention to his guardian and friends, who attempted to dissuade him from it. He embarked with the company, a motley assembly of twelve actors, the prompter, the machinist, nurses, servants, children, dogs, cats, monkeys, parrots, pigeons, and a lamb. "It was a veritable Noah's ark," says the weary old man, writing from his arm-chair afar off in Paris, with a sparkle of mirth in his purblind eyes.

For four days the vessel skirted the coast. There was much feasting and gambling and lute-playing; and now and then a turmoil, occasioned by the flight of a pet bird or the disappearance into the watery depths of some favorite cat.

At last the merry crew reached Chioggia, and the boy begged the manager to accompany him to his mother's house to break the shock of his return. The player went before, and harrowed the mother's heart with a description of her son's sufferings in his Rimini school. "Would that I had him near me!" exclaimed the mother. "Then, signora," answered the player, "behold him!" He opened the door of the ante-room, and Carlo threw himself on his mother's breast. A few days later his father arrived, and feigned great anger and surprise at finding his son, although letters from Rimini had informed him of the lad's departure. But he relented at length, moved by the boy's representations of the

ignorance and stupidity of his Rimini instructors, and by a certain personal weakness for the society of players which he saw reproduced in his son's young enthusiasm.

For a time Carlo remained with his father, aiding him in his medical duties. But he soon wearied of this, and the family decided that he should become an advocate. He was entered at the university of Pavia. Here he remained for three terms, reflecting credit upon himself and his teachers, and devouring all the dramatic literature upon which he could lay his hands.

The students had rendered themselves exceedingly unpopular with the young men of the town. These last leagued together, and swore that no one of their number would marry any girl whose family received the students. Goldoni, a boy of eighteen, was prevailed upon by his companions to write a satire, in which all the noble families of the town were treated most cavalierly. They spread it throughout the *caffè* and *conversazioni*, and hinted at the authorship. The most important personages of the town cried out for vengeance. Poor, foolish Goldoni was expelled from the university.

His first idea was to go to Rome, and seek the protection of Gravina, the patron of the rising poet Metastasio, and the friend of all young, struggling talent. But he was penniless, and, worse still, the university authorities had consigned him to the care of the captain of the boat that was to bear him along the Po to Chioggia. The poor mortified lad, heart-sick and despondent, lay crouched in his berth, refused to eat, wept silently, and brooded over his own wickedness and perverse spirit, and wondered where his miserable, wrecked life was to end. Through his agony ran the gay undertone of the memory of the happy days when he journeyed to Chioggia with the dear players.

His first knowledge of the world is dawning upon him. He is experiencing the heart-sickness of all young souls who stand trembling on the verge of actual life with all their fair ideals cast down. From the bitterness of loneliness and distrust, from

the sinking down into the whirlpool of the world, is wrought the stern, hard steel of self-reliance.

But just now young Goldoni is only a poor, broken-hearted lad, filled with a yearning for sympathy. The only other passenger on the boat is a Dominican friar, unkempt and not overclean: but no white-robed angel could have been a more grateful messenger of peace. Here, at last, is a friend in whom to confide. The lad tells his troubles to the worthy friar, who weeps tears of sympathy, embraces the boy, and, when the padrone of the bark calls them to supper, advises him to fast and examine his conscience, while he himself devours his companion's portion.

The friar returns and listens to the lad's tearful confession of his heinous crime of satires directed against the worthy patricians of Pavia.

"My son," says the friar, "'charity covereth a multitude of sins.'"

"Yes, my father, I will be charitable. But just now I have only thirty pauls."

"The amount does not matter, my son: the spirit is everything." The boy draws the thirty pauls from his pocket, begs the friar to accept them for the poor, and receives in return absolution for his sins.

When they reach Chioggia, the friar intercedes for young Carlo with his parents and procures their forgiveness, and the four dine together in the odor of sanctity. The friar claims to be a worker of miracles, and interests the elder Goldoni to procure him admission to a convent of his order, from the gate of which he had been turned away because his letters of recommendation had a doubtful air. He appoints a day upon which to perform the proposed miracle; but the evening before, the bishop and the *podesta* interfere, and prove the friar an impostor. Again the ground slides from under young Goldoni's feet. Is there, then, no good, no truth, in all the world?

He soon prepared to accompany his father on a journey through the Venetian states. They visited at the country houses and palaces of great nobles, and went much

among learned and cultivated people. Young Carlo's talent procured for him attention and pleasant flatteries, and his wounded spirit was just on the point of healing, when several unhappy experiences of the perfidy of the fair sex caused him to relapse into his old condition of mortification and self-abasement.

The most humiliating of all was that in which he was swindled out of much moneys and more self-respect by a designing serving-woman, with whose mistress, a beautiful girl of a noble family, he had fallen in love from a distance. He repaid the wily *cameriera* better than she deserved, for he made her famous. The memory of that lost illusion of his youth rankled in his breast for years. It re-appeared in the renowned *cameriere* of his comedies—crafty, quick-witted serving-women, who hold the household in subjection, aid or thwart their young mistresses in their love affairs, pull wool over the eyes of the tottering *pantalone*, carry on their intrigues under his very nose, and are brilliant and witty and full of resources, and perpetually triumphant, and withal fascinating and tantalizing and delicious. He drew *cameriere* of many types, mercenary and disinterested, faithful and time-serving, coquettish or sedate; but the deceiving tire-woman of his mortified youth remained the arch-type of all his characterizations.

All through his life he continued to learn lessons of wisdom from personal experience. His path was beset by rogues and impostors of all kinds. Perfumed cavaliers with borrowed titles were eternally inviting him to games of chance. Beautiful women in distress, with rouge and paste jewels, whose uncles or fathers had deserted them, were perpetually appealing to his sense of chivalry. Rogues of heavier caliber were constantly embarking him upon ruinous financial speculations. And he smiles good-humoredly, and views the matter with philosophic calm, and quietly allows himself to be victimized, and beams benignly down upon the crowd of wasps with Jove-like serenity and unconsciousness. It is as though some hidden instinct of creation whispered to him

that every one of these bitter episodes infolds the germ of a comedy, and that hard experience is the foundation of all worthy exposition of human life. Gil Blas himself underwent no better training in the school of the world than did this child of corrupt Venice; but the Spaniard learned his lesson sooner and more understandingly; and the old Venetian retained to his dying hour a lurking, wistful belief in what was good and true and pure, a tender, large-hearted pity for the outcast and the sufferer and the sinner. He had the clear-eyed faith of genius in the fundamental good of human nature.

His father soon determined to send him to the university of Modena to complete his studies. He embarked on a vessel which bore him along the intersecting rivers to Modena. The captain of the boat was very devout. His example led the impressible Goldoni to ease his bleeding heart with the exercise of religious functions. By the time he reached Modena, he had become so warmly attached to his devout companion that he remained as a boarder in his house. It was a nest of fanatics, and Goldoni had that gift of sympathy, of identification with surrounding circumstance, which is so characteristic of and so fatal to genius.

A few days after his arrival in Modena, he witnessed a humiliating ceremony of public confession by a priest. This produced such an effect upon his overwrought mind, that he then and there determined to enter a convent, as the only means of fleeing the dangers of the world. He wrote to his father of his resolve, and received his consent, but he was requested to return to Chioggia to discuss the matter at length. His parents received him with caresses and indulgent words. His father proposed to accompany him to Venice, nominally to present him to the head of the Capuchins. But when they arrived in the sea-city, he took him to visit his friends, insisted upon his attendance at the theaters, and accompanied him to dances. In less than fifteen days the boy was reconciled with the world.

Goldoni emerged from the struggle strong

and resolute and defiant, feeling the looseness and the changefulness of circumstance, holding himself aloof in spirit from the crowd that swarmed about him, wearing the smile of conciliation on his lips and contempt of his kind in his heart, regarding his fellow-mortals as valuable only in their relation and combination. Life can hold no elements of comedy until the sense of its utter worthlessness has been brought home to the heart. It is this that gives the pathos to all comedy—the vanished illusions argued, the faith in things high and good cast down, the idols of hope and aspiration broken before our eyes. Be sure that without these hard experiences of his youth, Goldoni would never have written those comedies that have the mournfulness of despair behind their cheerful mirth.

At twenty-one the world lies under his feet, and he strides onward to fame across the broken fragments of his young dreams. The impulse to dramatic creation is stronger than ever within him, but as yet no outlet has been offered it, and he has his bread to win. He becomes the clerk of the *podesta* of Chioggia, in which position he picks up crumbs of the law, and studies the habits of the people who are to live again in the famous fisher-quarrels of his comedies. His father dies, and the family poverty demands that he shall adopt some more solid profession.

He obtains a degree at the University of Padua, and enters himself at the Ducal Palace as an advocate. While he is waiting to make his fortune, he writes his first tragedy; and close upon its birth follows his first case, in which he defends the water-right of a mill. Fortune is beginning to smile upon him. But the poor youth, with that picturesque faculty of getting himself into trouble which is peculiar to him, suddenly and simultaneously awakens an affection in the bosoms of a spinster lady and her young niece, who live in different apartments of the same house, and are hereditary enemies, one of the other.

Goldoni is captured by the niece, but the aunt will not believe it, and attributes the ser-

enades with which the canal echoes on moon-night nights to her own superior charms. Goldoni is forced to a declaration by the mother of the younger lady, and the marriage contract is signed without the knowledge of the spinster or of the boy's mother.

By the terms of the contract, the mother is to resign her diamonds to her daughter. The young lady's dowry consists of one of those pensions which the republic assigns to deserving young women, and for which she is the fourth applicant on the list. Goldoni himself is penniless.

The mother, however, refuses to give up her diamonds during her life-time. Goldoni, being rather weary of his betrothed, and foreseeing a long list of ceremonies and costly presents, without which no Venetian wedding can take place, consults with his own mother, and the two agree that he had better leave Venice and seek his fortune elsewhere. So he strips off his lawyer's gown, puts his precious tragedy in his pocket, and starts on a journey among the northern cities. He leaves behind him a letter for his potential mother-in-law, saying that her conduct in the matter of the diamonds has been most dishonorable, and affords him sufficient excuse for not marrying her daughter.

To this experience may be traced the satire and ridicule with which Goldoni unconsciously draws the Venetian women, in their talent for intrigue and matrimonial scheming, no less than the absurd pomposity and ostentation of Venetian marriages. But it was later that he began to weave his immortal fancies from his own hardly earned knowledge of life. He is still an imaginative boy, carrying his head in the clouds, inflicting his tragedy upon any sympathetic ear that is offered him.

In Milan he fell in with an operatic company, to the director of which he offered his tragedy. But when he attempted to read it, the actors behaved so irreverently that he burned his creation in disgust. Soon after, he meets a famous charlatan and strolling player who has been educated for the monastery, and with him he swears

eternal friendship. He follows him about the town, drinking in his marvelous adventures. Love for the stage is the strongest passion in Goldoni's breast. He forgets his ignominious flight from Venice, his disappointment with regard to his tragedy—everything, he honestly confesses, except his love for his mother, in the delight of intercourse with his new companion. He is as happy and as much at home dining with him in an *osteria*, off macaroni and sour wine, as at the sumptuous tables of the Milanese nobles, who welcome him with eagerness.

In connection with his theatrical friend, he undertakes a commission from some of the great lords to form a company of players, and sends word to all the actors he has met at different times to assemble in Milan, promising them a rich harvest. The company formed, he proposes to compose for them another tragedy. Milan is presently occupied by invading troops, and Goldoni is obliged to leave the town. At Verona, in the amphitheater, he rejoins his dear players, places in their hands his tragedy, and attaches his fortunes to theirs.

Fate is determined that he shall return to Venice, for the engagements of the players lead them to the sea-city. On the way, he composes tragedies to be set to music, the subjects of which are drawn from old romances and legends. For months to come he is to follow the fortunes of the players, traveling with them to the different towns of the northern districts, but remaining most of the time in Venice. "The family of the young lady whose dignity I had insulted made no claim upon me," says he, "for I had sunk too low even for abuse by becoming a play-actor."

Through his early manhood and middle age his lot was cast in the city of his birth. He left it at intervals, traveling alone or in company with his dear players. In Genoa he took unto himself a wife. In Pisa he again exercised his profession of advocate for five years, gaining much knowledge of human nature. In Tuscany he remained for some four years, to perfect himself in Italian, for his enemies charged him with

inability to handle the legitimate speech of the peninsula.

In Venice he is attached in turn to the different theaters, writing comedies that reflect back the life with which he is surrounded, of people and noble and player, princess and haughty, high-born dame. All over Italy his comedies are acted. They acquire popularity year by year. The people hail him as the father of Italian comedy, and erect an altar to him in their hearts by the side of the one they have raised to Metastasio.

It is incredible that people so overwrought in intellectual development, so effutely literary in their tone of thought as the Italians of the eighteenth century, should have produced no dramatic literature of any importance; should have rendered back no image of the national life and character. The creative and vital forces of the nation must, indeed, have been on the verge of exhaustion.

When Goldoni began to write his comedies, his departure from the established methods was at first received with loud murmurs of indignation. Hitherto, female characters had rarely been introduced on the scene, owing to the stern disfavor with which they were regarded by the papal power. The fundamental characters of every comedy had been the old Pantalone, the Venetian merchant in his nightcap and red slippers, the learned Dottore, the type of the Bolognese university, and their servants, Harlequin or Arlecchino and Brighella. The first, in his party-colored patches, represented the ragged inhabitants of Bergamo; the second wore a black mask, to indicate the sun-burned complexions of the same merry, witty, light-hearted people. These four personages conducted the representation, which consisted of a bare outline of plot, previously determined. The dialogue was invariably impromptu. The mediæval writers of masques and miracle-plays possessed greater sense of method and keener artistic perception than these latter Italian comedy makers.

Goldoni's boldness in casting off the

trammels of convention, and proposing to himself the faithful study of life, rather than that of the corrupt outgrowths of Italian dramatic tradition, is analogous to that of the old painters, who threw aside the wooden models that religion had consecrated to art, and drew from their own keen insight and strong wills, after the nature that rose about them.

Goldoni wrought into his comedies the people he knew, the friends he loved, the very laughing rabble that jostled him in the street. Every detail of that picturesque, many-colored Venice of a hundred years ago is painted with microscopic fidelity. The figures are strangely foreshortened, and, with all their truth and naturalness, give to the beholder the weird, half-uncanny feeling of watching the motions of marionettes—as though the *burattini*, whose pranks the child Goldoni witnessed when his father pulled the wires, there in the old house on the canal, were the gauge of human life that had assimilated itself with his impressible nature, and become the standard of measure for his maturer vision.

He drew the Venetian cavalier, gay and careless, in powder and ribbons, playing the *servente* to the bejeweled lady in her hooped petticoat, and ogling the dark-eyed women of the people, with faces hidden behind their black *zenda*. He drew the *marchesa* in rouge and paste, pledging her jewels to the Jew for *zecchini*, to be played away at the *ridotto* through the night, where she sits at the *tre-sette* table with her wan features hidden by the mask and veil. He shows us the *lustrissimi*—the struggling aristocratic poor, in their wigs and red cloaks, boasting of their long pedigrees, begging a dinner where they can, and cheating their stomachs in order to make a show at the carnival ball or in the theater-box. He opens the doors of the houses, and shows us the niggardly old pantaloons with their daughters, intriguing or innocent—the lovers who steal like thieves through the windows or hide in closets, the gay, all-knowing *cameriere*, the gossiping friends and relations.

He is at his best when he draws his characters in his own soft, plastic, expressive Venetian. Then the stage is forgotten; the red cloaks and wigs, the masks and black veils that look down from the boxes, vanish from before our eyes, and in their stead comes the dear, loved, common life of Venice. All the people who pass him in the street have left their trace on his soul, and he gives them all a place in his great heart. He has lived much with aristocrats, he has lived much with artists, the learning of many universities is in his genial head. He turns from them all to clasp in his generous embrace the poor, merry, cheerful humanity of the Venetian streets. He draws the gossiping, quarreling old women who crouch on the thresholds in the narrow streets with their bead-trays on their laps; the dark-eyed girls with their heavy braids coiled about their heads, casting shy glances at the stalwart young gondoliers. He draws the gondoliers themselves, drinking and swearing, battering their ungainly craft one against another, quarreling for the right of way, talking over the follies of their *padroni*, just as they do to-day where they lie against the *rive* in the sun.

He drew the red-capped fishers and their bright-kerchiefed wives, and the girls whispering over their lace pillows, and the young sailor lads paying them bashful court. He drew the sellers of old clothes and pottery, and roasted squash, and the hosts standing at the *caffè* doors. The very servant women who toil throughout the year, and have their one holiday in carnival time, he drew, full of their follies and freakish malice. He drew the maidens, sitting high on their painted terraces under the vine-leafage, and the idling people, young and old, playing their noisy, quarreling games on the open spaces before the houses.

He paints vain, peevish youth that would be gay and attractive, while its parents toil and slave to supply its wants, touching the grotesque realism of the situation with genuine pathos. Now and again he strikes a deep chord, as in his portrayal of the young wife, the girl of the people, whose devotion

to her drunken husband finds its parallel to-day in the wan, sad women who linger about the wine-shops in which the gondoliers sit, screaming their noisy songs. We marvel much at the true, tender nature of the old poet, which had known so much of the deceit of life and had yet primroses and violets of feeling springing from its hard surface. We know, then, that he is a great artist, though he himself never laid claim to the title. He had the genuine self-depreciation of a man of the world.

In his pictures of the carnival he bubbles over with glad merriment and grotesque fancy. In his characterizations of the gay, high-born ladies who flock through the streets in mask and domino, intriguing with unsophisticated strangers; of the poor working girls who borrow their neighbors' clothes for a day's disguise, and coax their adorers to treat them to coffee; of the maskers who lean from their balconies and drop *confetti* into the crowd from behind the iron-barred windows in the narrow, dismal streets—epigram after epigram flashes from the page. Quick retort, keen mother-wit, good-humored pranks, follow one another so closely that the very printed page becomes a vision of grotesque, party-colored, bright-robed figures flashing their motley in the sunlight.

His very method of composition argues spontaneity and quick delight of creation. His habit, in the year when he pledged himself to produce sixteen comedies, was to walk alone through the streets, observing the people, from the fishermen on the *riva* to the jugglers in the piazza, and to seize upon some one prominent episode, some accidental grouping of human life, as the nucleus of a comedy. Thus the Venetian streets teem with suggestions of the musty printed pages that are yet so full of embalmed freshness. When I pace the narrow ways, I meet personages whom I know by name through old Goldoni. The sweep of a garment, the gleam of powdered hair, the flash of brilliant eyes, some quick, affectionate greeting or picturesque ejaculation, call up for me memories that are like the scent of dried flowers between the yellow leaves of forgotten books.

Venice has not changed in the hundred years that have elapsed since Goldoni drew into his great wise soul the external life of the city. It is that very aroma of sudden appropriation, that spontaneous adjustment of parts, that objectivity of method, that render his creations such living portraits of the Venetian people.

In the mean time, his fame had crossed the frontier of the peninsula. His comedies had been acted in Paris, and had created an intense desire in the minds of the people to behold their author. Voltaire had written flatteringly of him to his correspondents in Italy. In his middle age a proposition was made to him, by the director of public amusements in the brilliant capital, to attach himself to one of the theaters. Goldoni felt, like all artists, an instinctive impulse towards that great home of the intellect. His genius was essentially French in its workmanship and insight. He entertained a deep admiration for French men of letters, intellectual productions, and social combinations. He set out for Paris, accompanied by his wife, with the intention of remaining two years. But Paris held him a prisoner in its charmed embrace, and he died there, an old man of eighty-six.

His life in Paris was one long triumph. The people hailed him as the Molière of the time, and flocked to witness his creations. His society was sought by the best of intellect and rank that the gay capital could offer. He found favor with the Dauphiness, and became master of Italian to the daughters of Louis XV., and, later, to the sisters of Louis XVI. He was present at every festivity, at every solemnity, that graced the brilliant, tottering throne. He may have contributed his share to the convulsion that followed, but he was unconscious of it, as he shows in his judgment of Beaumarchais, to whom he accords greater natural genius and insight than artistic method, and in whose satire he recognizes no ulterior purpose.

He is no vulgar sycophant, no parasite upon royal favor. He accepts the honors that are lavished upon him with grace and dignity, sorrows and rejoices with his royal patrons,

but holds fast by the sturdy independence of his republican birth. Men of letters crowd about him. His presence is courted in every *salon*. He is received by Rousseau, who welcomes no one, and finds the philosopher copying music for his bread. Voltaire, during his stay in Paris, whither he comes from his Ferney home, greets the white-haired playwright with words of brotherly affection. The brilliant, impetuous Alfieri, then in his prime, takes the patriarch by the hand and hails him as the regenerator of Italian comedy, all unknowing that the time will come when their names shall stand side by side in the record of their country's liberators.

The true Bohemian spirit is in Goldoni. In his youth he passed as merry an hour with the poor charlatans and jugglers of the Italian highways as with the high-born damsels of Venice, or the noble officers of the imperial army. In his old age, with princes for his scholars, and courts held spell-bound by the magic of his creations, he spends his days among the merry crowds on the boulevards—the showmen and petty theaters and learned beasts and talking heads—scraping acquaintance with the actors at the door of the booths, and worming himself into the secrets of the profession.

An overpowering activity gnaws at the old worker's heart. He created in his youth with such feverish haste that he can never resign himself to passivity and repose. In the brilliant streaming vitality of Parisian life, he finds an outlet for his own restless strength. He loves the French people as he loved the Venetian, and he sees deep into their brave, bright hearts.

Of the dread, silent forces that were at work under all the gay spectacle of court and boulevard, he knew nothing. He lived and wrote on the surface, and whatever of prediction escapes from his works is but the essential and intrinsic condition of their origin. His memoirs offer a most brilliant, faithful, and deeply fascinating picture of the Paris in which he dwelt. He helped to arrange the festivities for the marriage of Marie Antoinette, and the birth of her

children. He attended literary gatherings in the Pompadour's palace. He lived at Versailles, by the side of his royal pupils; and dwells, with the delight of a fantastic Italian taste, upon the wonders of the great park.

Fresh, genial, merry, keen-eyed, and kindly philosophic to the last he remained—this typical democrat of the eighteenth century. He did not trouble himself with politics, but the state of society into which he had fallen showed through his every word. An old man of eighty, he sat in his arm-chair in his cheerful French home, living fairly on the pension the court assigned to him, and wrote, with bright, clear perception and undimmed memory, the record of his colorful, many-sided life.

He finished it before the great crash of the revolution cast down the brilliant idols of Paris from their pedestals. When the directory abolished the civil list, Goldoni's pension was stopped, and he was left penniless. André Chenier interested himself to procure aid from the republic for the old democrat of letters; and three years later a small pension was allotted to him. But the day following the assignment, Goldoni died, and was laid to rest in the heart of the Paris he loved with the love of a poet and of a man of the world.

He had seen more of the world's vicissitudes than is apportioned to most lives. He had been cradled in expiring, effete republicanism; he had grown to manhood in the air of the new, fomenting democracy, and of the old aristocracy, dying of inanition. He had, unknown to himself, upheld the truth, the bravery, the strength of the people, as opposed to the cowardice, the vice, the weakness of the nobles. It was just and right that death should have waited to grasp him until he had beheld the bright, young phoenix of humanity rise strong and bold, and free from the ashes of the old bloodless corpse of caste and oppression.

It is in Venice that the soul of the old master lingers most gladly. You may feel it as you pace the streets, smiling from the eyes of the women, speaking from the

mouths of the merry gondoliers, lurking in the dark picturesqueness of the narrow byways. There the bright, fresh soul of the man is at its purest and best, face to face with the humanity of all time; the great, all-embracing love of a master spirit transfiguring the lowly and the humble with immortal light.

The people think tenderly of him. The theater which called into life his noblest creations bears his name; and in the days to come a monument to his memory will rise

upon the Rialto, among the cheerful, hurrying feet of the market wives. But his worthiest monument is an old dark house that frowns upon the glittering canal, with carved arches above the lintels of its windows, and flowers growing among the griffins of its balconies. A well, carved with angels, stands in its court-yard, and a winding stair leads up to the small low room where the boy Goldoni dreamed out his firstling of comedy.

CHARLOTTE ADAMS.

DOWN THE MISSISSIPPI.

In the winter of 1880 we started to revisit some parts of the South that we had not seen since before the war. Our plan of travel was to strike the Mississippi at Memphis, and thence proceed down the river. We were prepared to see ruin and desolation; and on reaching Memphis our gloomy anticipations were realized. But we were not prepared for the stinging cold weather we found there, though it was December.

The east banks of the Mississippi are much higher than the western banks, consequently nearly all the towns on the east side are built upon the bluffs. Memphis, therefore, is high above the level of the river, though the city itself is flat. It is one of the most important cities in Tennessee, having about twenty thousand inhabitants.

Mules and darkies struck us at first as the predominating features of the place. The mule is the special prerogative of the darky; it seems incongruous to think of one owning a horse. It seemed as though Joseph's coat of many colors had been brought to light by our numerous scientific explorers, and, undiminished in brilliancy of hues and multiplied in numbers, decked the figures of Ham's descendants, so grotesquely were these poor negroes arrayed: some in blankets festooned over their naked shoulders; some in sheep-skin coats; some in coats so patched that the original texture and color

were lost in the new combination; often an ebon elbow poked through a tattered sleeve: and shivering, with hands in their pockets, they lounged around the street, stamping their feet to keep out the cold. In their minds freedom seems to be synonymous with doing nothing. A few of the enterprising ones own hacks, and one of these we employed to drive us around to see the sights of the city.

The points of interest are few and far between, though Memphis is now the brag city on the river from New Orleans to this point. It has recuperated since the war more than any other town. We were driven to the cemetery first, as strangers usually are in any place. It lies two or three miles back from the city, and is a large, picturesque place, well kept, with good roads winding through. On the right, a little past the entrance, are rows and rows of graves close together, each with a tiny marble cube at the head—"the yellow-fever patients," our driver said. Near by is a beautifully carved white marble monument, which testifies that Mattie Stevenson had laid down her life in the cause of humanity. The story is too fresh in all minds to repeat: how the noble girl left home and friends in her youth and beauty, and, going on her errand of mercy among suffering strangers, in her heroic self-forgetfulness fell a victim to the ravages of that dire disease—yellow fever.

We told our driver to take us past the house where Jeff. Davis had lived while in the city.

"Tain't worth seein'," he growled out; "tain't nothin' but an ole shanty."

We surmised that the ex-Confederate chieftain was not held in awe by this contraband of war, at any rate. The house is not anything out of the usual run—a three-story brick house, with green blinds. Mr. Davis's daughter Maggie, married two years ago to the cashier of a bank there, is comfortably located in a pretty brick house on one of the principal streets.

The river at this season of the year is usually low, and navigation, therefore, very uncertain, not only on account of sand bars, but also from the ice floating down from higher up the river: we considered ourselves very fortunate to find a small boat running—the last to go for three weeks, as we afterwards found out—so we took passage on the James Parker. At five P. M. we scrambled down the steep, rough hill to embark, (none of the towns on the river have convenient landings; the continual caving in of the banks is one reason) and were soon on board and settled.

Supper was announced at six, and at the table we looked around to see what sorts of *compagnons de voyage* we were to have. The ubiquitous commercial traveler was there; a rebel captain, who, we later found out, "gloried in being defeated even"; a gay bevy of girls, going to spend Christmas on a plantation a short distance down the river; the mournful poetical contributor to the "Memphis Appeal"; an antiquated widow, a relic of Southern aristocracy; drovers and judges: all classes were on board. It is really curious, the varied assemblage one meets on a steamboat trip.

Supper over and the tables cleared away, the waiters, now in the capacity of musicians, brought out their violins and banjos, and dancing to their old-fashioned tunes was the order of the programme. It is the current belief that Northern people are most rudely and uncivilly treated by Southern people, the bitter feelings engendered by the war

still prevailing. We did not find that to be the case in their treatment of us. We found ourselves received into their midst with great politeness and cordiality; and the first we knew we were bowing politely in response to an introduction to an ex-Confederate captain, and accepting his hand for the next quadrille. That we originally hailed from the South, they did not know; the "New York" on our trunks was the only knowledge of us which they had. A social game of cards finished the evening; and we went to bed impressed that life on a Mississippi boat was very delightful.

On awakening next morning, we saw that but little progress had been made during the night, owing to a heavy fog and the great danger of getting aground on a sand bar in the darkness. Lying by at night met with our approbation, as making all the journey by daylight would enable us to see all the country.

The first view of the Mississippi is disappointing, particularly at low water; it is only after one grows accustomed to the sight that its grandeur and vastness can be appreciated. Its muddy waters flow on in a sullen, silent stream, steadily onward, as inexorable as fate. The average width is a mile, but in many places the river bends and curves so often that it seems to form a huge lake, and then the expanse of water is awe-inspiring. S. S. Prentice says of the river: "It is the anaconda which holds nations in its coils."

The banks at this season of the year are dreary and desolate. As far as the eye can reach one sees a low, level tract of land, devoid of all verdure now, with the ugly, yellow soil exposed to view, principally cotton-fields; when the cotton bolls burst open, and the pure, white fleece droops down, the scene must be a beautiful one. Some of the banks are covered with huge, gnarled old trees, leafless now; occasionally a log hut or two nestle under their spreading branches.

The boat wheels slowly round, facing up stream, and we are at a landing. A few men stand round to get their welcome mail

and news from the outer world. (The river is the only means of communication these landings have with the rest of creation; railroads and telegraphs are known of by hearsay only.) A passenger gets on or off, the gang-plank is drawn in, the boat turns once more, and down we go again. These occasional signs of life make the prospect all the more dismal and lonely. Often these small landings are dignified by the most pompous of names. Now and then a pretty little town appears: Friars' Point, the home of Senator Alcorn, whose pretty house, surrounded by trees, can be distinctly seen from the river, is a tidy, well laid out, and flourishing village. On the Arkansas side, Helena and Arkopolis are the principal points.

Our first stopping-place was to be Greenville, the most thriving town on the river, about two hundred and fifty miles below Memphis. After a protracted journey, lengthened by our nocturnal detentions, we finally reached here at daybreak of the fourth day. We shivered and nodded on the wharf-boat till sunrise, and then mounted the steep bluff upon which the town is located, by means of a ladder-like arrangement laid upon the ground. We wondered, as we climbed up, if our Saratogas could be gotten up by any human means.

On reaching the Grand Central Hotel, the very imposing name of a very insignificant wooden house, we drummed up the proprietor, and asked for a carriage to take us to our destination—Locust, a well-known plantation lying four miles back from the town. We could only obtain a vehicle from him by boarding there; and nobody else in the town could send us out in the style he could, we were informed. Style was a secondary consideration to us, and we would compromise the boarding business by taking breakfast there.

Our equipage was finally driven up to the door, and we sallied forth to ensconce ourselves therein. The vehicle was a light lumber wagon, which had been laid up for repairs, mine host said; but if we sat perfectly still, and rode slowly and carefully, it

might not break down. Cheered by this latter suggestion, we guardedly stepped in, and each sat as though a poker had been a part of the matutinal meal. With numerous injunctions to our small darky driver, who didn't know the way, we rattled and jolted over the frozen ground. As other turnouts passed us on the way, we felt very stylish indeed; for while most of them had oxen or mules for steeds, we outshone them: we had horses.

Greenville is a thrifty little place of three or four thousand inhabitants. Old Greenville, or Greenville before the war, has caved into the river. The river, perpetually making land on one side and taking from it on the other, alters the location of many of the towns on its banks materially. Levees are thrown up all along, but these often break, and the waters pour in, flooding the country. Most of the business in Greenville is carried on by Jews, who have flocked thither in great numbers. They, with their usual foresight, saw that this would be a good field for operation. The town is flat and square, none of the homes pretentious, but all cosy and comfortable, with a little plot of ground attached, studded with pretty trees.

Like all small places, it is overrun with lawyers and doctors, who fare rather badly. Loads of people get sick and employ the doctors, and loads of people belligerently inclined employ the lawyers; but they are all so hard up that the "cash" is not forthcoming for them to show their gratitude with. Often they pay in chickens, butter, eggs, etc.; and their shepherd receives his salary in the same way, and is thankful to get it at all.

Greenville has its besetting sins; the old men drink and gamble to a fearful extent, and the young men follow faithfully in their footsteps.

Nearly all the plantation houses are built for summer comfort only. They are rambling and roomy, with innumerable windows and doors, and the huge fireplaces allow all the heat to pass up the chimney; while one's face would scorch, his back would freeze. We were astonished on awakening one morning to find snow on the ground, and be-

fore the storm ceased, it lay two feet deep. The darkies were bewildered at the sight, and have dated everything since from "dat ar big snow." Snow in such huge quantities was most unprecedented there, and the cold weather which followed the storm very unusual. We suffered from it as we never had in the North, owing to the lack of heating apparatus. Some of the more enterprising individuals improvised sleighs out of dry-goods boxes, and for several days enjoyed the rare treat of a sleigh ride.

The China tree attracted our attention especially among the trees. It is a gnarled, ungainly-looking tree; its branches die perpetually, and have to be lopped off, so the tree presents a most scarred appearance. Though deprived of its foliage at this season of the year, the waxen, shriveled, yellow berries still clung. The mocking-birds devour them eagerly, until they fall in a sort of a drunken stupor, which soon passes off, and with renewed vigor they make another meal of them. In our vicinity the mocking-birds were very numerous, but they are rapidly becoming scarce, such large quantities are taken while young from the nests, caged, and sent north. There is a fine now imposed upon any one who captures them, but it is not very strictly enforced. What made our northern hearts ache was to see our pets, the robin red-breasts, ruthlessly killed and made into pot-pies.

A number of rich plantations adjoin each other in all directions. Cotton is the chief production, though corn and sweet potatoes are plentifully raised. Swamps abound, filled with cypress-knees, a curious formation, which grow three or four feet tall, having bare, round tops. These are sold for ship-building purposes, and are very valuable.

The planters now try the system of renting out parts of their lands to the negroes, who raise the crops as they please, paying their rents when the crops are gathered. They find this more profitable than hiring out and out; if the tenants shirk, the loss is their own. The planters say this method is irksome though, as when the crops are taken in to market they have to follow the negroes

in, and be on hand to receive their dues from the hand of the merchant, as the darky's sense of honor is such that he can get through a very small loop-hole to avoid paying. During the year previous to the gathering of the crop, the negroes, in their usual improvidence, are out of money; and unless the planter promises to see that the merchant gets paid when the time comes, poor Sambo has a struggle for groceries and tobacco.

At first we were disposed to be rather alarmed lest at night the negroes might attempt to rob or murder us, for the papers had been full of terrible crimes of this sort. Our location was rather isolated, and the negroes greatly outnumbered our household. So at night we barricaded windows and doors, looked under the bed and in closets, put the poker in the fire to heat in case of an emergency, and for a few nights slept with one eye and ear open. After a week's sojourn, we relaxed our precautions, and slept the sound sleep of the righteous.

The negroes around us seemed very humble and docile, and overjoyed to see somebody from "way up north." So we set out on a visiting tour. Our first call was upon Aunt Debby, who lives in a little office behind the kitchen. She was sitting in a rocking-chair close to the fire, and held out her bony, shriveled black hand to us, staring up with her big open eyes.

"Well, Aunt Debby, how fares the world with you?"

"O missus, de Lord's berry good to dis chile. Miss Ebeline gibs me a home here, and all de terbacker and grub I want, and Aunt Jane here libs wid me, and takes me to de Methodis' meeting-house every Sunday when it don't rain."

"What do you do week-days, Aunt Debby?"

"O, in summer I shells de pease and strings de beans; and winter I sorts de beans and pease to plant, and picks de chickens; and all de hands comes in to talk to me. Miss Ebeline, she's mighty good to me; de Lord knows what 'ud become of me if she went 'way off, for, missus, I'm stone-blind."

Old Uncle Bob came in to get rested and have a chat, (he was always getting rested) so our conversation was broken off. We had heard of Uncle Bob's habit of kleptomania, and read him a lecture from the Good Book—how he must keep his "hands from picking and stealing," and not take all the good watermelons as soon as they get ripe.

"Law, missus, I'll neber take no more. Dis nigger, he's turned ober a new leaf, and he wouldn't touch anything that didn't b'long to him for de kingdom come."

The fact is, the last watermelon hadn't agreed with Uncle Bob. Knowing his weakness for the biggest, ripest melon in the patch, somebody had been there before, and inserted under the smooth green rind just enough tartar-emetic to make Uncle Bob think he was taking a sea voyage.

Leaving the cabin, we met Henry going in—a bright young mulatto of twenty-one.

"What's this we hear, Henry? They say you are going to get married to Aunt Jane. Why, she's sixty—old enough to be your grandmother."

Henry doffed his cap, and pulling his curly forelock, said, "Well, missus, dar's nothing like a young boy's getting a settled 'ooman in life."

The events of the week in Greenville are the arrivals of the mail-boats; and a most welcome sound is their whistle, which blows one long, two short, and a long sound. At that signal all the planters flock in from miles around for letters and news. Often, when the river is low, three weeks pass without a breath of what's going on in the world. They get used to it; but to us the feeling of utter isolation was stifling. Within the year, a railroad twelve miles in extent has been constructed, and a telegraph office established there, and an old lady, with her eyes starting in surprise, said to us, "What do you think?—yesterday we telegraphed to Eugene in California, and have actually gotten an answer to-day."

Some of the steamboats on the Mississippi are floating palaces. Chief among these was the Grand Republic—a tremendous

boat three or four hundred feet long, the cabin beautifully inlaid with different woods, furnished in the most luxurious way, the state-rooms numerous and comfortable, the table liberally supplied with all kinds of delicacies, the china and service unique and dainty, and the attendance all that one could wish. A band of colored musicians discoursed sweet music always during dinner, and time flew by on lightning wings, as delightful people are always to be met. Traveling in this way is not only more comfortable, but much cheaper than railroad travel; one is not only transported to his destination, but a pleasant room and excellent meals are furnished for less than the transportation alone would cost by cars. We regretted to see by the papers that several years ago the Grand Republic was burned to the water's edge while lying at the wharf in St. Louis. In olden times, gambling was carried on on board to a frightful extent, professional gamblers fleecing the passengers fearfully; but a very strict regulation has put a stop to all that. Racing was carried on too, there always being a great deal of rivalry between the captains; but that is also a thing of the past, accidents were so liable to happen.

Vicksburg is the next important place after leaving Greenville. The river has washed away the banks there to such an extent that it seems to form a huge lake in front of the city. There are about fourteen thousand inhabitants. The situation of the place is high on the bluffs, and the streets leading up from the river are very steep. One of the features of the place, entirely destroyed during the war, was the "Castle," a beautiful structure with turrets and towers built on the crest of the hill by Mr. Joe Davis, elder brother of the ex-Confederate president. The grounds, once beautifully laid out, are laid waste now, the magnificent building destroyed by fire; and embankments thrown up in all directions give evidence to its use during the war as a camping ground for soldiers.

We noticed the long, gray, southern moss for the first time in profusion now. It clings to all the forest trees, especially to the

live-oak, and droops a yard or so from the branches. On a moonlight night the trees look like so many gaunt old specters holding open their bony arms, their outline seen through the weird gray moss, which sways to and fro in the breeze like a loose-fitting shroud. We brought some of the moss north, and placed it upon some trees, where it grew all summer. The negroes find it very useful: they place it in water for a day or so; when it turns black, they remove it, dry it in the sun, and make very comfortable beds.

Leaving Vicksburg, we dropped down the river a couple of hundred miles to Natchez—aristocratic old Natchez—but O, how changed! The streets, once alive with throngs of richly dressed people and magnificent carriages with liveried servants, remind one of the "Deserted Village" now. Not a hotel is to be seen in Natchez; boarding-houses, kept by people who not long ago rolled in luxury, take their places. The glory of Natchez-over-the-hill and the opprobrium of Natchez-under-the-hill have alike disappeared. The relentless river has consumed the latter, kindly leaving the only redeeming features which were under the hill, the wharf and Brown's Gardens. It is not satiated yet, and before many years the gardens will be taken into its capacious maw.

Brown is an English gardener, who left his country and wife many years ago, and coming over here, made a little Garden of Eden under the hill. At one end of the grounds he built a picturesque, rambling house, constructed rustic arbors and summer-houses here and there, threw up little mounds, planting trees in the center of each, and laid out beautiful walks, which now lead into a sheltered nook, and anon bring you out on the bank of the broad and silent river. Clusters of japonica bushes eight and ten feet high were grouped together, and studded the grass like so many huge bouquets, some blushing with the faintest rose tints, others pure and waxen in the creamy whiteness, and still others brilliant with ruby hues. Thickets of the wild plum and cherry trees beckoned you away from this tarrying place,

nodding their delicate, feathery heads. A little farther on, the magnolia trees reared their stately buds high above the fresh green leaves, soon to make the air redolent with their heavy perfume. Into this paradise the serpent crawled; and Brown was tempted to forget his English wife and marry again. His English children came out to seek their parent, and found others in their stead; but an amicable arrangement was made to get along together; and the second wife soon dying, all difficulties were swept away.

Stagnation and the gloomy inactivity of despair seem to have settled over the whole town. Nearly all the stately old mansions situated in the suburbs of the place are deserted and fast going to decay. Taxes have swallowed them up; the owners, relinquishing them and going into town, take little cottages, which they can keep up better. The elegant house built by Admiral Dahlgren stands in a plot of twenty acres of ground—a grand old house with wide piazzas on all sides, and floors supported by massive columns. Majestic trees add a grandeur to the scene, pleasant walks and roads wind under their branches, and a beautifully carved iron fence incloses the grounds. This place was then to be bought for \$10,000—what the fence alone cost. A little beyond this place we come to the beautiful residence of the Duncans, still in the family, where a few years ago the celebrated beauty, Mrs. Henry Duncan, queened it. Paris now has this fair jewel in its crown.

In a little solitary graveyard we see the last resting place of S. S. Prentice, one of the most brilliant lawyers who ever graced the Natchez bar. He came thither from Portland, Maine, thirty years or more ago, married there, and soon identified himself with the place. Maine sent out other notable representatives, who likewise united the pine with the palm; and soon Judge Boyd and Judge Winchester became prominent citizens.

Of all dreary sights, the city burying-ground is the saddest. Weeds, vines, and trees have all grown up in the most wild confusion. The graves, sunken and mis-

shapen, in many cases having no head-stones, are barely distinguishable from the unhalloved ground. A favorite kind of monument is that which lies like a hollow box over the grave. Many of these have caved in, and on others the dead leaves of seasons lay heaped together, perfectly concealing the inscription; and again, where the rain had had full sway, the names were obliterated by the pattering drops.

In marked contrast to this is the Union cemetery, where the northern soldiers lie buried. A carriage would not find here, as in the other, difficulty in keeping the road, so smooth and free from grass is the well-kept drive. Not a leaf is to be seen on the velvety green sward, not a weed nor a vine where it ought not to be. A mound is thrown up in the center, upon which cannon and cannon-balls are piled. In every direction, as far as the eye can reach, little white head-stones are placed in semicircles, economizing ground; a very few with names upon them, the majority merely numbered. This is kept up at the expense of the Government, and four bits were given for every body brought there. The negroes turned it into a matter of speculation, and all kinds of bones are interred there: yellow-fever and cholera patients from the pest-houses, the bones of negroes, even the bones of mules. Each head-stone cost the Government \$15; a third of that would more than buy it; the surplus has gone into the pockets of officials; so the more mule bones brought there the better. The cemetery is not only a swindle, but a sacrilege.

The old Marine Hospital is the most appropriate tomb in Natchez—a tomb to the city. It stands in bold relief against the sky, facing the river; it has long been abandoned, and, with its windows gone, its walls defaced, like a haunted house, invites none to approach.

The few men of fortune in Natchez, with but one or two exceptions, were, in its days of pristine glory, poor, briefless lawyers. The wheel of fortune which once ground them in the dust has turned half-way, and they find themselves on the upper tire.

The bluff, which rises one hundred and fifty feet above the river, has been for many years the favorite promenade ground. The people assemble there in large numbers for a twilight talk and walk. Rustic benches have been placed here and there for their accommodation, and occasionally the band goes down to let the sweet sounds steal over the water.

Across the river lies Vidalia, a little sleepy hollow of a town now, but once made animated as the favorite resort of the northern people. Fayette, a flourishing little inland town, is connected by railroad with Natchez, a distance of twenty-five miles. This road is distinguished principally by its accommodating engineer, who doesn't object to waiting half an hour for a passenger if he hears he's coming. In fact, the passenger would feel aggrieved if he didn't.

The postmaster of the town is a colored man, who performs his duties well. It is rather a come-down to one of the scions of the old aristocracy to be actually craving the place.

The scenery is extremely interesting from this point down the river. The banks in some places are densely lined with impenetrable cane-brake and forests. Clumps of mistletoe look as though they had been dropped from above, and had lodged in the tops of the trees, while the lower limbs are festooned with the weird gray moss. The scene shifts, and a beautiful plantation-house comes into view, with its broad cotton and sugar fields. So the panorama alternates: first nature, and then culture. There are numerous islands in the river, of all shapes and sizes; some are mere sand bars, while others are often mistaken for the mainland.

All are numbered instead of named. No. 10 was famous during the Rebellion, and upon No. 95 Joe Davis located his beautiful plantation "Hurricane." The river winds in and out with such innumerable curves and bends that the water distance between places is much greater than the land distance.

While on deck, when a landing was being made, we noticed a dandified colored gen-

tleman, with a plug hat, jaunty cane, and excessively tight pantaloons, wandering on the banks—a State senator, the captain told us. Among the freight he spied a box belonging to him; immediately his airs and graces were forgotten, and regardless of good clothes and senatorial dignity, he toted off his box on his shoulder, like any other darky.

As one approaches New Orleans, the city impresses him as lying below the level of the water. It is situated on the concave side of a bend in the river, and thence gets its name of Crescent City. The Mississippi is fairly teeming with life here; little skiffs are paddled around, darting quickly over the paths of the steamboats as they come puffing and blowing along; huge ships lie quietly at anchor, as "idle as a painted ship," but not upon a painted ocean; and a landing is made amid bustling excitement. The wharves are lined with the dusky-eyed Cubans, displaying huge bunches of tempting bananas for a dollar, six bits, and four bits a bunch.

Canal Street, the principal thoroughfare, runs back from the river; north of it lies the French part of the town; south of it, a few miles, Carrolton is situated. Street-cars connect the two places; and about half-way between the two a college for freedmen has been lately organized.

A magnificent life-size statue of Henry Clay stands in the center of Canal Street. Near this is the starting point of some queer little steam-cars, which run hourly out to

Lake Pontchartrain. The celebrated shell road, leading to the same place, is parallel to the railroad beyond the cemetery. Over it, in *ante-bellum* days, magnificent equipages bowled along, filled with beautiful, richly dressed ladies; while gay cavaliers cantered along by their sides.

Greenwood is the principal cemetery, and the dead are buried in a very queer way. The water lies so near the surface of the earth that they are unable to dig a foot down without coming to it; so the dead are either placed in vaults, or else laid upon the ground and earth heaped over them.

The market is one of the chief features in New Orleans, and every stranger leaves his couch at six o'clock Sunday morning and visits it, in company with thousands of people. Every vegetable and fruit imaginable can be procured, shrimps and artichokes being the characteristic delicacies.

New Orleans shows that it has been "through the wars" the least of any of the southern cities. We will give General Butler the credit of being partly the cause of this; for his military discipline prevented mobbing and devastation. The execution of Mumford and his celebrated woman order are the principal grudges the people bear against him.

The naturally admirable location of the city makes it too important a site ever to lag far behind its sister cities; and we trust ere many years to hear it called again the "Paris of America." W. W. W.

SIMON KINGLEY OF SAN MINETOS.

WHEN people said that Mr. Kingley fairly lived in his orchard, they did not mean so much that the little cabin where he ate and slept stood in a corner of that same orchard, as that all his pride and enthusiasm, and of course all his thoughts, were centered in his fruit trees and vines.

He had commenced setting out his or-

chard as early as the fall of 1854, when there was not much fruit grown in California. He had been accustomed to slow-growing eastern trees; and when his wee peach-trees lifted themselves in their might, and grew so rapidly and luxuriously, bearing fruit so much sooner than he had dreamed would be possible; when his apple-trees shook themselves

and laughed in their leaves at his astonishment, as they stretched as high and broad in two years as he had expected them to do in six—they took his heart by storm. How could he help being delighted?

Year after year he increased the number of his trees as he heard of new varieties, for he could not hear of one without a desire to try it. His nectarine, apricot, orange, almond, and walnut trees were wonderfully fine; his fig trees and grape vines bore fruit of high renown. But how could anything be otherwise than of the best when so zealously cared for, so judiciously dug about, irrigated, thinned, trimmed, pruned, budded, and grafted?

Any one meeting Mr. Kingley in the street would notice a far-away, absorbed look in his eyes; and if they knew anything about him, they knew he was studying some new plan for improving his pets. If they spoke to him, that "inside look" quickly vanished, and he responded heartily; if, however, the new plan was of more than common importance, he would very often "turn in again" at the first pause, and one might go on talking for half an hour, while his "yes" and "no" would come in at random, if they came at all; and, perhaps with some justice, Mr. Kingley was called absent-minded.

One morning his friend Mr. Colcoth happened to be passing the little picket gate which led into "Kingley's Eden," as the grounds were sometimes called, and he thought himself to go in and find out what had become of the owner, whom he had not seen down town for a day or two. He discovered him on the outskirts of his orchard, just finishing the work of setting out a new row of peach-trees.

"Ah, Kingley," said he, "this is the reason you have not been down to the post-office for your daily paper. I thought perhaps you might be sick."

"O no, not sick; only very busy budding and setting out trees," replied Mr. Kingley, picking up his garden tools; "I am through now, so come into the house, and I'll soon be ready to walk down with you."

His little house, on the outside, looked

something like a bower of roses, for the roof was so low that the cloth-of-gold, as well as the regular climbers, had soon reached its top, stretching themselves about in loving content. What enthusiasm Simon Kingley had to spare from his fruit trees, he spent on flowers—oleanders, pinks, violets, and other fragrant varieties.

On entering the house, Mr. Kingley set out a dish of pressed figs and one of nuts for his friend's entertainment, and then took down his ledger, and turned to a leaf on which was a plan of his orchard.

"So your neighbor Mr. Evans has moved away," said Mr. Colcoth, beginning to talk as well as eat.

"Has he? I knew he was going, but did not know he had got away yet," answered Simon, as he sharpened his pencil and began to make a row of crosses, taking great care that they should be exactly three-quarters of an inch apart, for they represented the new row of peach-trees he had just set out.

"O yes; Evans has gone, and the persons who bought his place have moved in. And what do you think? They are ladies, mother and daughter, and both widows. Curious, ain't it? But Mrs. Franklin, the mother, has been a widow for a long time; while her daughter, Mrs. Denma, was married just before they started from the East, and her husband was killed by an Indian over the mountains, where they first stopped and intended to settle. Awful, wasn't it? After that, the women would not stay there, of course, so they came over and have been living near the Merced until now. The daughter has secured the place of assistant teacher in our school. My wife ran in there last night to offer a neighborly turn, and she likes them very much. She thinks Mrs. Denma—Beatrice, her mother calls her—will make a splendid teacher. Mrs. Franklin says little children always take to her daughter, and she shows very plainly that she thinks there is nobody in the world quite as good as Beatrice."

"Good as Beatrice," repeated Mr. Kingley, coming out of his meditations just in time to hear the last three words. "Well,

perhaps there are many varieties just as good; but then the Beatrice is early, and I want the earliest peach in market. The Early Crawford, now, is a delicious, rich peach, of lovely color too. I think very highly of the Crawford—very highly, indeed; but I wish I had secured the Beatrice two years ago."

"I wish you had, Simon," said Mr. Colcoth, smiling very broadly as he began to take in the situation.

"You will see in two years from now that I have reason to think as well of the Beatrice as I do of the Crawford," continued the unconscious Simon, as he glanced affectionately at the row of crosses which represented peach-trees, and wrote at the end of them the name, "Beatrice."

Mr. Colcoth stepped hastily through the open door, shaking with suppressed laughter; and as he would not allow his risibilities to take their natural course, he was seized with a severe fit of coughing.

"Dear me, Colcoth, you must have the epizootic—you cough like it," said Simon, coming out and locking his door. "I have heard that it is very prevalent all over the country, among people as well as horses."

"I may have a touch of something like it," admitted Colcoth, chokingly, as he moved away with a very red face, and wondered within himself if he could keep so good a joke a profound secret.

There was a reservoir situated just beyond Mr. Kingley's orchard, and the lane leading to it was all that separated his land from the Widow Franklin's late purchase. The lane was not much used, though Mr. Kingley passed through it quite often when going toward the west end of town, as it was a little nearer that way.

There was also a gate from the widow's grounds leading into it, and each side of the gate was a row of blackberry bushes growing near the fence. Mr. Evans had neglected to tie up and prune these bushes properly for a year or more before he went, so they had tangled themselves together in every direction; and Mrs. Franklin, being very fond of the berry, determined that she

would trim them herself, and get them into such shape as she had seen her neighbors do on the Merced. She took good care, however, not to tell her daughter what she intended to do, as Beatrice would be sure to wish to hire a gardener, instead of letting her have her own way about it.

So one morning after her daughter was safely away at school, Mrs. Franklin took her pruning-shears and began her task. Now she had a habit of talking aloud when by herself, especially if anything bothered her, and these blackberry briers did torment her immeasurably. They scratched her hands, tore her sleeves, lifted her sun-bonnet from her head, and then caught in her hair in such a way as made it seem almost impossible to free herself.

"O, what nasty briers! I might have known better! How can I get out? I ought to have tied my bonnet tight. What shall I do? What shall I do?"

Mr. Kingley, coming through his gate into the lane in his preoccupied way, supposing the voice addressed to him, responded hastily:

"I don't know, I'm sure, madam," and then he saw a tall, slender woman with a flushed face, and hair caught up at various points by various points. "My goodness, madam, let me help you; that is such vexing work for a lady. But I would really like to trim them for you, it's just the business I like"; and in the kindness of his heart my simple Simon began to unlatch the gate, ready to rush to the rescue, like a good "knight of the nineteenth century."

"No, no, no!" cried the woman, vehemently. "Don't come in. I don't want your help; I wasn't talking to you. Haven't you any sense?"

Simon opened his mouth to expostulate, but a second look at her face showed him that really the best way he could serve her was to leave her to her own devices; so he hurried away, without once looking behind him.

For several weeks after this he avoided the lane, feeling when he thought of it as though that woman were still held there fast

by her hair, and growing desperate for fear of being seen. When, in fact, the poor woman, as soon as he turned his back, had cut off the clinging branches, worn them into the house, and by the aid of a looking-glass had detached them without much further trouble.

Finally the incident faded from his memory, and he passed in and out of the lane as usual. So it happened that as he was going by the widow's gate one April day his attention was attracted by some of her peach-trees having the curled leaf, and he paused to look at them, thinking how different they would have appeared if he had had the care of them; how different they were from his trees.

As he glanced along the rows his eyes were caught by the figure of a young lady standing at the farther end of the path near the little back porch.

"What in the world can be the matter?" exclaimed Simon; "she is beckoning to me quite frantically; maybe the house is on fire."

Without more ado, he rushed through the gate, looking quickly this way and that for flame and smoke as he ran; but seeing no such sign, he instinctively slackened his pace, and glanced again at the lady. She was standing erect, her eyes fixed on the swaying branches, her hands still flying about with almost incredible swiftness. Her fingers touched her shoulders, then flew into the air at right angles; then one hand smote her breast, then the other hand, then both together.

Mr. Kingley suddenly remembered how he had played "bean porridge hot," when he was a boy. Perhaps this was some kind of a play; anyway, he must get away without attracting attention if possible. He tried to move without the least noise, but it was too late. She saw him, and her hands dropped by her sides, while her wide, gray eyes were fixed upon him inquiringly.

"Good evening, madam; I—I thought—" he stammered, and then he hesitated; it would never do to tell her he thought she had beckoned to him. His face grew hot, and he felt as awkward as a boy. "I

thought," he began again, "that—that it might be Mr. Evans left his garden tools here; and he used to have a rake just right to pass between strawberry-vines—I would like to borrow it."

"Certainly, sir; you will find it in the shed there, near the door."

Her clear, steadfast eyes seemed to read and question his pretense.

"You are sure you will not want to use it before to-morrow evening?" he asked.

"Quite sure," she answered politely.

He passed on mechanically toward the shed, feeling very insignificant indeed. To think that he should appear before her in the character of a borrower! He disliked borrowers. Why could not he have thought of something else as an excuse for being in the garden? Then he called himself "idiot" and "fool," and other mild names.

"Thank you, madam; I will return it to-morrow evening," said he, lifting his hat as he passed her again, and assuming the air of a man who had secured the one article he most needed in this weary world; though I am privately certain that the rake seemed as heavy and unmanageable as a horse-rake ought to have done.

"What must she think of me?" he said to himself over and over again, as he went through his orchard without seeing a single tree; and carrying the rake into the house, he put it into a corner, and sat himself down in his big arm-chair.

Then he began to think that he should have to carry it back the next day, and so tried to comfort himself with the hope that he could, on that friendly to-morrow, so acquit himself as to be redeemed from any charge of idiotism. His strawberries were just ripening: how would it do to carry the ladies a box? Would it not be a neighborly act? What would she think of it?

There is no need to tell just what work he accomplished the next day among his flowers, vines, or trees; suffice it to say, he did not use the rake; he had plenty of his own, so why should he use his neighbor's? But the next day, after the scholars had gone shouting by from school, and he was sure

Mrs. Denma would have had time to get home, he took it over his shoulder, and a box of strawberries in his hand, and crossing the lane he went down between the rows of peach-trees, looking eagerly for Mrs. Denma; for he rather hoped to meet her in the garden again.

As no one was in sight, however, he placed the rake in the shed, and then knocked at the door, which was opened by a tall, elderly lady, whom he suddenly remembered to have seen caught in the blackberry bushes. This was not very re-assuring, though she gave no evidence of recognition.

"I have the honor of addressing Mrs. Franklin, I suppose," said he; "I am your neighbor Kingley. I borrowed a rake yesterday from a lady—your daughter, I think—I have just returned it to its place in the shed. Here are some strawberries which I hope you will allow me to present you."

"Thank you; they are very fine; I am quite fond of strawberries, and so is my daughter Beatrice. Please take a seat while I empty your box," she said pleasantly.

Just at that moment Beatrice entered, and Mrs. Franklin gave Mr. Kingley a formal introduction to her, for which he was very thankful. They praised his fine berries, and he began to inform them as to his mode of culture. From strawberries he was soon led into a dissertation on other fruit, and from fruit to flowers, which proved an agreeable theme, as Mrs. Denma was quite a botanist. So an hour flew quickly away, where he had hoped he might possibly stay twenty minutes.

At last my simple Simon went home wonderfully elated with the idea that he had acquitted himself in so sensible a manner as should eradicate that first impression from the mind of young Mrs. Denma. At least, he supposed that was what made him so happy.

"Her mother called her Beatrice; it is a lovely name, and I quite like it that my new trees are named for her," said he magnanimously, as he was carefully inspecting his latest acquisition.

That evening when he opened his ledger

to make some entry, he turned to the plan of his orchard, and almost before he realized what he was doing, he had written "Beatrice" over every cross representing the new row of trees.

Mr. Kingley was quite right the day before, when he thought Mrs. Denma had distrusted his pretense of borrowing. She had seen his unaccountable embarrassment; and the sudden relief expressed in his countenance when he thought of the rake had made her almost certain that it was a new thought just entering his mind. But if so, what had he come for? That mystery often brought him into her thoughts, till he came again to return the rake; and immediately after he was gone, she went out and gave that useful utensil a very careful inspection.

"There is the same fine red rust covering the teeth that was there when I first noticed it. I remember just how it looked, because I had never seen an iron rake before. He has not used it at all; if he had, the rust would have been worn off. So what did he come for?"

That is what she said to herself as she replaced it and went into the house to prepare the tea.

"He is a man of some education and considerable intelligence, I think, Beatrice," said her mother, as she sat complacently hulling the strawberries. She had never told her daughter of that episode among the blackberry vines. Talking aloud when alone was one of her weaknesses, and she devoutly hoped that Mr. Kingley had forgotten all about it, and about her being caught by the hair in that ridiculous fashion; and as his manner that evening had given no hint that he had the faintest recollection of the incident, she was disposed to be well pleased with him.

"He has plenty of common sense, I dare say," responded Beatrice, sedulously buttering the toast, and thinking, "What did he come for, then?"

Mr. Kingley continued to call occasionally on his lady neighbors; but the reason of his coming was always quite apparent. Sometimes he brought a rare flower for their

garden, or a wild flower to be analyzed; even a book or magazine served as an excuse, so that Beatrice never needed to puzzle herself again as to why he came.

At the close of the school there was an amateur exhibition given by the pupils. Mr. Kingley attended it, and was much interested in all the exercises, for happy faces are as pleasant to look upon as choice flowers; but there was one exercise which he seemed to find peculiarly attractive, judging by the profound attention he gave it.

Mrs. Denma's class in calisthenics was talled, when twenty little girls all dressed in white came upon the stage. One, as leader, stood alone at one end of the stage, while the others formed a half-circle opposite her. Mrs. Denma sat at the piano and struck the chords of a lively little tune, when out flew the arms of every small lass—"about, above, across, over, against, along." How can one

describe the motions of a class in calisthenics?

"O, that is what she was doing," thought Mr. Kingley; "what a fool I was."

But why should I chronicle minutely the events of two years. Mr. Kingley's peach-trees grew apace, and he was delighted when at the end of a year he could carry a few of those earliest peaches to their namesake across the lane. The next year they bore so many there was more than enough for home use; for Simon had a real home. The little cabin was torn down, a new house stood in its place, and Mr. Colcoth was repeating an old joke to every one who would listen.

From the "Stockton Independent" of that date we clip the following:

"In this city, June 3rd, by Rev. L. G. Flock, Simon Kingley, of San Minetos, to Beatrice Denma, formerly of Mt. Holyoke, Mass."

L. J. DAKIN.

IN ARCADIA.

Ah! sweet it is, far from the rude world's bustle,
To eat and drink, and have no thought of care:
For toil is pain. And not for us the tussle
Of Isthmian games. Let others guide the share
That tills the glebe. For O, the vine leaves rustle
Kissed by the breeze, that, toying in our hair,
Bids us to sleep. By clear Alpheus' side
Idly we'll lie, and watch the drifting tide.

Lying at rest, beneath the drooping willow,
Breathing the air so heavy with the smell
Of thyme and rue; with heads upon a pillow
Of flowered sod, we see the asphodel
Waving a-field; and from the far-off billow
Ever we hear the low-toned, rhythmic swell
Of seas, that murmur to the summer sun
A song not hushed since years were first begun.

And O, the sleep that comes to eyelids drooping—
Drooping to slumber, while the reeds of Pan
Pipe in the wildwood, to the merry trooping
Of dancing satyrs, hid from eye of man

By trailing leaves, beneath the old oaks stooping
 With weight of vines; the satyrs, with the tan
 Of far-blown spice winds on their dimpled cheeks,
 And laughter like the gurgling of the creeks.

And what to us the glory of the battle?
 Let others wield the sword and cast the spear,
 And lash the steeds amid the chariot's rattle
 On bloody plains. Let others know the fear
 Of storms a-sea; or tremble to the prattle
 Of driveling priest. For O, the skies are clear
 In Arcady; nor toil, nor troubled breast,
 Nor battle-cry may come to break our rest.

What care we that beyond the restless motion
 Of purple waves, within the western seas,
 Are wonder lands, as seen of wizard's lotion,
 The Golden Apples of Hesperides?
 Or that within the ever-circling ocean,
 Beyond the rocky gates of Hercules,
 Atlantis lies? No other land can be
 Fairer to us than vine-clad Arcady.

J. P. WIDNEY.

THE STUDY OF SHORT-HAND.

SHALL I study short-hand? is a question over which young men often ponder. There is no study about which disinterested advice is more important, and none about which it is so hard to get. If a candid answer has ever been given to this question, I have never seen it. Nearly all, if not quite all, of the advice upon the subject comes, on the one hand, from those having text-books to sell, or new systems to introduce; and on the other hand, from persons embittered with disappointment and the waste of time and labor because they had no idea of the task they had undertaken.

Whether it will repay the student must depend upon the circumstances in each individual case. I am speaking entirely to those not intending to become reporters. It will always reward the reporter. And there probably will be no invention or discovery that can wholly supplant it. It is, of course, foolish for any one in this age

to say what can or cannot be done. But as we can feel quite positive that no one can find or invent anything to cut off gravitation, so we may feel equally certain that no one can discover or invent anything that will enable a person to play *any* piece of music at sight, or to speak a language in a day. And so when we see an article going the rounds of the press, as we have seen this year, that "a machine has been invented in Italy by which a young girl at the first trial took down the speech of one of the most rapid speakers, and afterwards read off the same with fluency and ease," we can safely pronounce it pure nonsense. Machines can of course be made to write short-hand. But at least one-half of the work of learning to write it, and all the immense labor of learning to read what one has written, will still remain as formidable as ever, until some change takes place in the human mind, eye, and hand.

The first great difficulty with short-hand is that any low or ordinary degree of proficiency is absolutely worthless. We all accomplish all the purposes of life and business on a mere smattering of mathematics. Thousands pass for great linguists on a mere smattering of a few languages; and thousands of clerks and others find and retain places because of a mere smattering of some one language beside their own. Mere smatterers in law and medicine earn their living, and pass for fair lawyers and doctors; and even the best of them are far in the rear of their subject.

But in short-hand this is entirely different. Any fair penman can write in long-hand thirty words a minute, and can read the same "when cold" at the rate of two hundred words a minute, and often much faster. Here is an average of two minutes' work spent in using two hundred and thirty words, supposing no further use to be made of them. It is evident that if short-hand is to be of use to any one as a mere time-saver, and where there is no demand for rapid writing, this average must be far exceeded. To be able to write sixty words a minute in short-hand, and read them at the same speed, and do it all accurately, is a higher degree of proficiency, comparatively, than is attained in languages by most persons who earn money by the use of them. This is about the highest degree of proficiency ever reached by those who become wearied or discouraged with the labor of learning short-hand, and fall by the wayside before the journey is half finished. Yet this degree is absolutely worthless for any practical purpose.

Another disadvantage of short-hand is that it involves no mental discipline. Nearly all other studies reward the student, though never applied to any practical use. Short-hand brings no such recompense. To learn it requires little more brains than setting type. It makes the least draft upon mental resources of all studies in the world. Once in a while a person is met with who says he gave it up because he "could not get the hang of it." But ask him how long he per-

severed, and you will find at once it was lack of energy and purpose, and not lack of brains, that caused the failure.

The learning of short-hand of any kind involves only drudgery, pure and simple. And the amount of this is enormous, far more so than one would suppose who has never been obstinate enough to continue the fight after discovering that he made a serious underestimate of the opponent's forces. Dickens, in "David Copperfield," has estimated the work of mastering short-hand as equal to the work of mastering six languages. If he means simply the power to read six languages readily, he has not overdrawn it. The perfect and rapid *reading* of rapidly written short-hand is itself fully equal to this. But the power to learn to *speak* languages is largely a matter of natural gift, as well as of study and practice. Many persons of a fair grade of intellect could never learn to speak six languages after passing the age of twenty-five. Many others could do it in six years, even after passing the age of forty or fifty. On the whole, it may safely be said that to write and read short-hand as easily and accurately as a fair penman writes and reads long-hand is fully equal to learning to read, write, and speak German, French, and Spanish well enough for all social, business, political, and traveling purposes, or well enough for all purposes but purely scholarly ones.

To learn to write short-hand as fast as long-hand, and read it as fast as written, is a matter of only a few weeks, and often makes the student's heart dance with enthusiasm. To double that speed is the work of months, and makes nearly all hesitate, and the greater number despair. To double upon that speed is the work of years, unless the student's practice be excessive, and even then it will take a year or more. But to reach the speed of one hundred and eighty words a minute, about the highest average ever attainable for sustained work, and be able to read it as rapidly as long-hand; to be able to run the eye over it, and pick out at a glance any portion of it you wish—requires long years of incessant toil. The reporter can afford to

do it, because it is his business. But no one using short-hand as a mere subordinate or convenience can afford any such time and toil.

Such rapid writing as one hundred and eighty words a minute is, of course, not necessary for anything but reporting a speech. For composing, making first drafts of papers, making private copies, etc., a much lower speed will do. But the labor of reading remains the same, and you will save nothing by the swift writing, unless you can read it accurately and quickly. To learn to do this requires even more work than to learn to write at the highest speed. A mere reporter might think otherwise, as in looking over his notes while writing and transcribing, etc., he does a vast amount of reading, of which he takes no account, and of which he is hardly aware. But any amateur can bear ample testimony to the labor of learning to read, even as fast as a twelve-year-old boy can read a letter written by a lawyer. Nor can this be avoided by any care in writing legibly. Such care is of course important. But you must be able to decipher with a mere glance thousands of outlines, differing often very slightly in appearance, and at least half of which may each stand for any one of about thirty different words. And you must be able to read dozens of these at a glance, as you do words in print. For until you can read *by the context*, your reading will always be too slow as well as too unreliable.

Many persons will think this estimate of the difficulties too high. There are many who are not reporters who claim to be able to write short-hand, and actually can do so. But not one in fifty amateurs can write one hundred words a minute, and read them as fast as written. Their proficiency rarely exceeds that of those learners in stenography who are used by first-class reporters to transcribe their notes, by having them read slowly to them, writing them down in their own hand, and transcribing at their leisure. Time the average amateur, and it will be found hard work for him to write sixty words a minute, and read them a week afterward half as fast as he wrote them. And it will

be easily seen that this estimate is not overdrawn, if we consider the time required to learn to write and read even long-hand rapidly. That time is spread over years of school-days in childhood, boyhood, and early manhood, so that we can hardly appreciate it. But it is, in fact, immense. There is here, as in short-hand, much difference in the natural facility of persons with the pen. But for the average of people, the time required even for long-hand is very great, and for short-hand far greater.

The time will never come when short-hand will be a substitute for long-hand as a means of general communication. Long-hand may be, and probably will be in time, somewhat shortened. But there is no immediate danger of the long-hand writer being left behind the age. And the time will never come when business can be safely transacted in the reporting style of short-hand—the only kind that has speed enough to be of any real advantage over long-hand.

But short-hand, when thoroughly acquired, is a grand thing for the lawyer, the editor, the author, and all who do much writing to be read by themselves. It tends, indeed, by its facility, to diffuseness; and if a person has a tendency toward bad spelling, it will often make sad havoc with his long-hand. But these difficulties are soon outgrown by the careful writer.

Long-hand is a constant brake upon the train of thought, a mere dead resistance of the worst kind. Short-hand, when perfected, fairly runs away with thought. It snatches it hot and sizzling from the furnace, and strikes it into shape before it has time to cool. Anything thus composed will require revision and correction, as a hastily delivered speech does before being fit to go into book form. But such work is mere play, and will doubly repay the toil.

On the trial of a case a lawyer can take notes of the testimony, notes for cross-examination, and prepare a brief, all at the same time, and without any of that distraction of attention that results from using long-hand, even for the briefest notes on a trial. But to do this requires high proficiency.

It will be seen that the great drawback to short-hand is the time spent in its attainment. But this can be so distributed as to be nothing compared with what will be gained in the rest of one's life.

The best plan for one not intending to be a reporter is to make no attempt to hasten proficiency. Like proficiency with the violin and piano, it cannot be hastened beyond a certain point. Time is a far more essential element in its acquirement than it is even in the acquirement of languages. One hour a day for five years is infinitely better than five hours a day for one year. In fact, it cannot be mastered in one year by any amount of practice and study, unless in very rare cases of natural gift. And even then the reading would be very defective.

The beginner should at the outset make up his mind that he has a tremendous and tedious task before him; that it can be accomplished only by obstinate perseverance in distasteful drudgery; but that this drudgery can be much lightened by making it regular and systematic. Hardly a day should be allowed to pass without practice in either reading or writing it, the one being just as important as the other to practice on. A persevering and systematic person can thus use up a vast amount of *scrap time*—waste minutes spent in waiting around court, or in tiresome company, at a dull lecture, etc. For after you have reached a certain grade of proficiency you may sit at your desk, keep up a conversation with some one, and holding a pencil at arm's length on your desk, or on a book in your lap, may, without looking at it, write down what the other person says, and be apparently only playing with the pencil. While practicing law, I utilized many an office loafer in this way, writing all the time upon one spot of paper. Nearly all the practice by which I raised my speed from seventy to one hundred and fifty words a minute was of this kind.

For practice in reading, I followed another plan to utilize time. I always took care to write for this purpose something that would *per se* repay the trouble of the person reading to me, as well as my trouble in reading

my writing. If at home, my wife read aloud from Shakspeare, or some other English classic that pleased us both. If at the office, a younger brother who was studying law read to me from the law book he was reading. If I had to depend upon copying anything myself, I copied from the digest of our State reports. By such means, a large part of the time can be saved, and the study made far less irksome.

If one will study in this way perseveringly for five years, averaging one hour a day at least, he will be able to write and read short-hand as well as many who pass for reporters. And if he practice two or three hours a day, he may master it completely in that time, though this is highly dubious. But in five years he can use it as accurately as long-hand, can read it nearly as fast, or fast enough, and write it four or five times as fast. And by continuing in the same way, he may in ten years equal very good reporters. I know there are those who will say, "Why, so-and-so learned it in a year," and "What's-his-name is a court reporter, and has only been at it two years," etc. It is all like the old story of the man to be found in almost every town who learned a language "perfectly in three months," and "speaks eight or ten languages perfectly."

There are now various systems that profess materially to shorten the labor of learning short-hand. No system can do any such thing. The very essence of good short-hand writing is to possess a familiarity with thousands and thousands of word-characters—a familiarity so perfect and certain that they can be written and read again *without an instant's hesitation*. The hesitation is what it requires so many years to get over. And no system can prevent this. Whether the words be built up of arbitrary signs for the letters, as in stenography proper, or of arbitrary signs for the sounds only, as in phonography, the work is the same. The *word itself* must be known instantly as an entirety, and half a second's stopping to think of what a single word is composed of at once cuts down your speed one-half for that second. Hesitate an instant on five words

out of one hundred and fifty, and your speed is reduced almost to that of long-hand. The same is the case in reading short-hand.

Therefore, allow no one to delude you with the idea of a new system. They may call it stenography, phonography, tachigraphy, calligraphy, edeography, or what they like, it is all the same for you. All short-hand writing is stenography, tachigraphy, etc. Phonography is a peculiar kind built upon the sound. Stenography, in a limited sense, is short-hand *not* built upon the sound. In this sense, about all stenography is stolen from Gurney, as all phonography is stolen from Pitman. All the new systems in vogue are new systems just as a Roman alphabet with *a* turned upside down, *b* laid sidewise, *c* turned around so as to open the other way, *d* with half the top cut off, *e* with a tail attached, etc., would be a new alphabet.

A person's ability to master short-hand depends far more upon his natural skill with the pen, and his perseverance, than upon his system. The very best reporter in New York City seven years ago was an Englishman of about forty, who wrote Gurney's old system of stenography. He kept the official report at the great trial of Tilton *vs.* Beecher; and out of seventy odd reporters on hand there was no one that could keep pace with him. Even his companion who relieved him every hour, and who was the best of the Brooklyn court reporters, was far behind him. The Englishman scribbled like a perfect demon, running often to two hundred and fifty words a minute for several minutes. Such was the estimate of the other reporters present.

The labor of learning short-hand may, however, be considerably shortened by discarding much of the mere flummery found in all systems. Whatever is unnecessary in any business or work is a nuisance. A large part of the wisdom of life consists in knowing what is unnecessary. As a frequent visitor at the court-room during the Beecher trial, I made the acquaintance of all the best reporters, and during recess conversed with and compared notes with them. My attention was drawn at once to the Eng-

lishman's work. He wrote in a small notebook of rather rough paper, and without any ruling. He used an old stubbed pencil, which he was never seen to sharpen. His notes were as much like a dilapidated picket-fence as anything that can be conceived of. There was not a vowel sign to be found in pages. There was no such thing as position or shading, but all words were written in a line, and all of the same breadth of stroke. There was little phrase-writing, but almost every word was written separately. There was scarcely any distinction of straight line or curve, hooks, twirls, or anything else. Yet he could turn back page after page, when called on to read what a witness had previously said, could find it as quickly and read it off as rapidly as the most rapid reader can find and read anything from a printed book.

I afterward found that nearly all the best reporters (except Mr. J. B. Munson, who, being the author of a "system," is a trifle priggish about his writing, though very fast) did very much the same thing. Mr. William Walton, Talmage's reporter, and Mr. Edward Ackerman, official reporter of the Surrogate's Court of Brooklyn, were then helping the reporters for the Brooklyn "Eagle." Each one wrote Pitman's system; yet neither one could read a line of the other one's notes, and Pitman himself would have wondered what on earth they were writing. Yet both were rapid writers and readers. I found the same difference all through the rest, and nearly all but Mr. Munson wrote the merest skeletons of words, without regard to position, vowels, or anything else.

From these reporters I learned some things quite important to the learner:

1. That most of the niceties laid down in text-books on short-hand are mere trash, and a waste of time.
2. That the context will alone furnish the means of accurate reading; and that until one can read by the context, one's reading is too slow anyhow for anything but transcribing.
3. That the system used has little or nothing to do with a person's proficiency.
4. That one can best make one's own

abbreviations, can shorten any system to suit himself, and can shorten one system about as much as another.

I have, in accordance with this, discarded all vowels, especially all use of "position," which is a useless nuisance, and causes more hesitation than anything else; nearly all phrase-writing; all use of *the, of, a, and*, etc.; and all such terminations as *ing*, etc.; all attempts to make everything the exact length, breadth, curve, etc.; though it is quite easy when using a pencil to keep up shading. This change at once increased speed fully twenty per cent., and after two or three months' practice, the legibility was as great as ever.

On the whole, the only candid advice that can be given an inquirer about learning shorthand is this: Do not attempt it at all, unless you expect to be a reporter or follow some business that will require much writing that is to be read only by yourself. Do not at-

tempt it even then, unless you thoroughly know your own character, and know that you will adhere to it if you once undertake it: otherwise, you will waste a deal of time and patience for no earthly benefit. Do not work over three hours a day at it, but let time have its effect. And if you are not learning it as a profession, do not attempt to hasten it even that much, but take a longer time to it. Do not waste any time on the "corresponding style," as it is called, but go at once to the shortest and simplest outlines by which a word can be made out, relying upon time and practice to bring legibility. This will surely come in time, and your speed of both writing and reading will be far greater in five years than if you stop and dally at any half-way house; though at the end of one year or so, one who is practicing the so-called "corresponding style," or half-shortened hand, may be ahead of you in both reading and writing.

T. S. VAN DYKE.

LATE PUBLICATIONS.

A FAIR PHILOSOPHER. By Henri Daugé. New York: George W. Harlan & Co. 1882. For sale by Billings, Harbourn & Co.

We find this a pleasing book, and one that recommends itself for truth and good taste and thoughtfulness among a hundred novels. Let no one allow himself to be prejudiced by the first chapter, which is not without a touch of both flippancy and pedantry; and the startling piece of Latinity, "*Exit me!*" in this chapter prepares one to distrust all the learning that follows. But this prepossession is unjust: the book turns out to be sincerely thoughtful, and the philosophizing, the familiarity with serious authors, and the like, to be no pedantry, but simply the unaffected habit of thought and speech of that society which is in a true sense the *best*. As a story, "A Fair Philosopher" is nothing: it is gracefully constructed, and the narrative does not lag; still, it makes no point of what is technically known as "narrative interest," nor has it any special originality. What we value it for is the picture, at once charming and true to nature, of the sisters Drosée and Jo; of the tone of thought and feeling and the attitude toward the world in which they lived. Novels stay with unaccountable un-

nimity in the regions of fashionable life; and we do not remember to have ever read before a novel that kept its scene entirely inside one of those little groups of American life that lie—and are glad to lie—entirely outside the world of fashion; the groups where books are read and written, where the words of philosophical discussion are commonplaces of chat, and all without any sense of importance or effort to stand on intellectual tip-toes. The charm of this intellectual life, its freedom from conventionalities, its character of sweetness and purity, its unanxious earnestness, its liability to unnecessary, painful contact with a society of different standards:—these are all well brought out. The book is like a picture of the two sweet and strong sisters, (whose superficial variation on a type intrinsically the same is an exquisite piece of truth to nature, as well as good art) upon a background whose "atmosphere" is excellently well done. The "quietism" that runs throughout makes a harmonious element in this atmosphere. The characters all have a peculiar sketchy life-likeness that strongly suggests that they have been copied from nature, instead of created: there is an unconsciousness of handling, a sort of off-hand throwing off of suggestions, about them, that gives the impression that the author

built better than he knew, as one always does in copying instead of designing. In the "philosophizing" of the book there is no particular originality, and no pretense of it; but there are many good things said. Perhaps the best are the following:

"A man may very well afford to let others make remarks about him, but he cannot afford to make remarks about himself. It were better to have two men speak ill of me than to speak well of myself once."

"And what have you besides love to go upon?" the mother asked.

"Is not love enough?" said Jo, happily.

"No, my child: not enough. To make married life happy there must be sympathy, understanding, and trust; similar aims and beliefs."

"That I call love," Jo said. "The—at the attraction between us includes all that."

Not the least of the virtues of "A Fair Philosopher" is this high conception of love—a relief, indeed, to the reader after the monotony of caprice and passion that make up love in most novels. It cannot be said that there are not in this novel slips of taste: there are several, in humorous conversation; few indeed are the authors that are not at their best in grave discourse; but these lapses are rare, and do not seriously mar the gentle, light seriousness of the whole picture.

SPOILING THE EGYPTIANS. A Tale of Shame.
Told from the British Blue-Books. By J. Seymour Keay. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1882.

No. VII. of G. P. Putnam's Sons' series of "Questions of the Day," is a one-hundred-and-twenty-page pamphlet reprint of a recent English tract. It makes out a very serious case of duplicity and oppression against England, more through her support of "carpet-baggers" in Egypt than through deliberate governmental act. It is not strictly "told from the blue-books," for the narrative is chiefly in Mr. Keay's own words, backed at every point by extracts from the state papers, and emphasized by much comment of his own. Extracts, apart from their context, are notoriously misleading; and there is probably a long *per contra* to be written out of these same blue-books. That England has always been obtuse toward the rights and good of weaker and less civilized races is no new story; but her behavior has for the most part, in the impartial light of history, appeared to be rather a stupidity than deliberate tyranny; an incapacity to realize that anything could be better for a conquered, or in any way dependent, country than submission to England's wish and interest. It is probable that every average Englishman in the empire honestly believes that no better thing could happen to the native of any race or country than to submit implicitly to England's will; and cannot understand that anything but innate wickedness can make the rebellious subject think otherwise. It has no doubt been a matter of benevo-

lent satisfaction to these average Englishmen that the Egyptian fellah was now so fortunate as to be under the rule and protection of the British carpet-bagger, and released from the misery of life without British help. That they should feel thus ought certainly to be no ground for blame or satire from an American, who has heard for fifteen years the benevolent satisfaction of the average Northerner, over the good fortune that had befallen the South, in exchanging native for carpet-bag rule; especially as the Englishman has this most weighty point in favor of his view: that it is in great part true. Instances are not wanting in which England's compulsion has been calamitous to weaker peoples; yet, on the whole, the chance is always that in countries possessed of such a home administration as Egypt, English officials will prove more endurable tyrants than native ones.

ELFIN-LAND. Designed by Walter Satterlee. Poems by Josephine Pollard. New York: George W. Harlan & Co. For sale by Billings, Harbourn & Co.

Among the most charming of the Christmas books from year to year are always to be found the Publications of George W. Harlan & Co. "Elfin-land" is frankly a "picture book," for the verses accompanying each picture are the merest trifles, and exist only for the sake of the pictures. The designs are, some of them, very graceful, and all are pleasing in color. Children that are not satiated with the lavishness of pictorial beauty poured out upon them within a few years will dwell with inexhaustible delight over "Elfin-Land"; and older people will find much pleasure in turning its beautiful pages.

DIDDIE, DUMPS, AND TOT; OR, PLANTATION CHILD-LIFE. By Louise Clarke Pyrnelle. New York: Harper & Brothers. For sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

In this pretty child's book, a Southern lady relates what are evidently recollections of her own childhood, though she wisely gives them a fictitious dress. The rambling narrative of childish experiences will be charming to any properly constituted child; but it is of interest beyond merely that of a child's story, for it is evidently a faithful and cleverly managed reproduction of the life it deals with, that of the best class of plantations some ten years before the war. The portion of this life covered by the story is merely that in which the children of the household and the negroes came in contact: the experiences with the "Mammy," with the little serving-maids, with the various "Uncles" and "Aunties" who had tales and traditions to relate; the sight of weddings, games, religious meetings, and merry-makings among the plantation hands, and the like. It is become already a curious, far-away sort of life to our conceptions, the relation of these little white children as mistresses

and proprietors to the slaves of their father seems more far-away from American life of to-day than any such relation between grown persons could seem. Now that, even in the South, the memory of that peculiar un-modern life is passing away, all such books, written by those who know whereof they speak, (whether serious social studies, or, like the present book, merely intended to preserve from oblivion some of the lighter aspects of the life) have a real and permanent value. The time is ripe for such books. It will hardly be twenty-five years till the generation that remembers *ante-bellum* times has passed away; and it is hardly two or three years since the bitterness of feeling passed away that kept such writing in the region of controversy and out of the region of candid literature and veracious history.

A RED-LETTER DAY, AND OTHER POEMS. By Lucius Harwood Foote. Boston: A. Williams & Co. 1882. For sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

This little collection of some thirty poems does more credit to its publisher than its author: for it is what is colloquially known as "handsomely gotten out," while the contents hardly justify the getting out at all. Perhaps three poems besides the long initial one are up to magazine standard. The rest range downward, through mediocrity to crudity. "A Red-Letter Day" is very fair verse, and relates not unfittingly the calm pleasure of camping and shooting in the mountains by way of rest from business life; but, though fairly poetic, it is slow, and one does not feel impelled to read it through. "Hulda" is the best in the collection. A number of the poems are Californian, though it seems queer to read of the Californian sportsman throwing himself on the "moorland"; of birds falling beneath his rifle on the "heath"; of the Sacramento River flowing past "croft and thorp."

ELEMENTS OF POLITICAL ECONOMY. By Robert Ellis Thompson, M. A., Professor of Social Science in the University of Pennsylvania, and a Member of the American Philosophical Society. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates. For sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co., San Francisco.

In his preface, the author tells us that the purposes and aims of his work are: first, to furnish a readable discussion of the subject for the use of those who wish to get some knowledge of it, but have neither the time nor the inclination to study elaborate or voluminous works; secondly, and more especially, to provide a text-book for those teachers—in college and elsewhere—who approve of our national policy (protection), as in the main the right one, and who wish to have set forth the principles on which it rests, and the facts by which it is justified. The author sets out to accomplish two objects, in their very natures incompatible: to be interesting to the general reader, and at the same time to inculcate the broad principles of

political economy; to be specious and to be profound; in this he fails, as must every one fail who attempts the impossible. As a text-book for schools and colleges, where it is desired to initiate the student into the principles of the science, the book is not a success. As a text-book for the protectionists, and as a cursory view of the history of many economical theories and economical writers, the work is worthy of attention. Had the book been entitled "The History and Economy of Protection, with an Introductory Essay on Political Economy and Economists," the true nature and scope of the work would be disclosed, and then we should have been able to compliment the author on having done well what he had attempted.

THE BODLEY GRANDCHILDREN, AND THEIR JOURNEY IN HOLLAND. By Horace E. Scudder. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1882. For sale by Billings, Harbourn & Co.

To those who have laughed and learned with the parents and grandparents of these bright book-children, no formal introduction is necessary. It is enough to say that they are the children of their parents, and have inherited the power of seeing beneath the surface of things. To them, Holland is not merely a country of windmills, canals and dikes: it is the soil where the Pilgrim Fathers rested before venturing on their long flight across the seas; it is the land whence came the Knickerbockers and the hard-headed Peter Stuyvesant; and on every hand they find links of history binding Holland to their own native America. The many fine illustrations and the spicy dialogue of the book will recommend it to children; while those of riper years will appreciate the deeper meaning, and will enjoy tracing back, with the Bodley grandchildren, the footprints of their ancestors.

FLIP, AND FOUND AT BLAZING STAR. By Bret Harte. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1882. For sale in San Francisco by Billings, Harbourn & Co.

Without knowing that Mr. Harte could do better work than he has done in this book, one might doubt whether he could do worse. There is so much that is cheap and tawdry in the handling, such clap-trap and straining after effect in many of the situations, that the tone of the stories often sinks to the level of very commonplace work. It is a pity that the author did not have some one at his elbow as he wrote, to tone down the impossibility of the character lines, and to cut out altogether the "squaw" episode in Flip. Yet there are many touches, in the stories, of the genius that has made Mr. Harte great. There is the old felicity of expression in the descriptions of California scenery, and the same quaint handling in Flip that made the story of M'liss such delightful reading. The action

is brisk, but improbable—a thing that is true, however, in many of his better tales. The plane of both the stories falls in the ideal California, on which Mr. Harte is supposed to have the copyright; but it is not too much to say that they are very much less clever than anything else that is western to which his name stands attached.

THOSE CHILDREN AND THEIR TEACHERS. A Story of To-day. By Byron A. Brooks, A. M. New York: G. P. Putman's Sons. 1882.

A tract in favor of the kindergarten and "Quincy" systems of instruction, in the guise of narrative. It is written in the character of a well-disposed and perhaps not incredibly stupid father, who relates the hopelessness of his efforts to find a good school, public or private, for his children, until the Quincy system comes like an angel of deliverance to his knowledge. Before this, however, the schools have killed one son with brain-fever, barely missed ruining the future of a daughter through an elopement with a music-teacher, and stupefied the brains of the other two children. Nothing could be more vital than the importance of the subject herein treated, and the inferior literary merit of the book may be passed over as an entirely unimportant matter; the soundness of the objections to education as at present administered, and of the remedies proposed is the main consideration. And on these points the critic can only repeat the dictum of all experience since education existed, and call the author right in so far as he agrees with it, and wrong in so far as he differs from it; namely, that the only way to have good schools is to have wise and thoroughly, liberally educated teachers; that any system or patent device, kindergarten or Quincy method, that looks to arranging machinery by which the lack of such teachers may be obviated, or by which any one may make himself such a teacher, is a delusion and snare; that no earthly substitute has ever yet been found for education and common sense in enabling parents to select a good school for their children. The parents in the book before us, when they find their children are learning little besides lying in one school, take them out and put them in another, the next that comes handy. To investigate and find a good school never seems to occur to them. It is implied that such a thing does not exist in New York. Now, however slight the caricature may be in the description of the New York public schools, it is of no use for an author to assume that there are not academies available to New Yorkers—for both their sons and their daughters—that are neither superficial, demoralizing, nor over-stimulating; and a little investigation and sense is what is needed to find them. The parents in "Those Children" moralize on the superficial nature of their girl's teaching, compare it with the training received by her brother in college, lament the impossibility of

having her taught likewise, and then—send her to one of the worst of pretentious boarding-schools; while Vassar and its tributary preparatory schools stand at their door, and colleges and semi-colleges, academies, private classes conducted by competent persons, all are waiting with open arms, trying to get parents to take their girls from the flash and ornamental institutions, and put them where real education is to be had. The political abuses, the machine work, the strain upon good teachers, and the encouragement to bad ones of the public schools are fairly enough burlesqued, and have their lesson for other places than New York; the frightful over-work and excitement imposed on the children is unfairly burlesqued, according to the fashion of all advocates of the Quincy system in its extreme. It cannot be too emphatically repeated that hobbies and systems are dangerous to education; that you must find a good teacher and let him make his own system. The "ideal school," found at last by the perplexed parent of our narrative, is in the very extreme of the Quincy system; in other words, it is a kindergarten for lads of a dozen years or so. They are not to know they are learning; lessons are to be sugar-coated, and to be coaxed down their throats under the pretense of play; the words "teacher" and "school" are forbidden, and the boys are led to suppose that they are visiting the institution, while their parents are secretly paying for all this. We do not hesitate to pronounce this spoon-fed institution as far from the ideal school in one way as the narrow, iron-bound public school routine is in another. Both are to a great extent honest mistakes; the inefficient private school is worse: it is a fraud and a swindle. That the ideal school exists is doubtful; it does not, unless the ideal teacher exists: that good schools exist is as certain as that there are good teachers. And while the problem of bettering the public schools remains appallingly important and complex beyond the average parent's or the educational dabbler's conception, the only problems fairly opened for consideration by the book under review are, How shall the average parent be taught to select the best among the schools as they now stand? and, How shall the respectable citizen get any hold on the political machinery that controls metropolitan schools?

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ALICE AND PHOEBE CARY. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1882. For sale by Billings, Harbourn & Co.

The complete works of the sisters, Alice and Phoebe Cary—or, at least, the greater part of all they have written; all that it has been deemed desirable to preserve—were some months since for the first time collected by their present publishers. There have been several previous partial collections, but this was the first complete one. Houghton, Mifflin

& Co. now issue the collection in a "Household" edition, in the style of their prettiest books, with the charming designs for cover and back that add to the pleasure of reading some classes of books. The vignette of a butterfly on a thistle is one of the prettiest we have ever seen in this style of binding; but it would have been prettier on a plainer background.

CESETTE. A Story of Peasant Life in the South of France. Translated from the French of Emile Pouvillon by Charles William Wolsey. New York: G. P. Putman's Sons. 1882. For sale by Billings, Harbourn & Co.,

This little story is about as full of local color as could well be, and full, too, of the habit and feeling of an ignorant, childlike, rough-and-ready peasantry, thrifty and industrious beyond all else. Neither English nor American stories can picture any such peasant life as these simple tales of all the continental countries so frequently do.

UNDER GREEN APPLE BOUGHS. By Helen Campbell. New York: Fords, Howard & Hulbert. 1882.

The author of "Under Green Apple-Boughs" is so pleasantly associated with the "Ainslee Stories," dear to the childhood of many who are now young men and women, that it is a pity she should prove so inadequate to more serious work. There is nothing about "Under Green Apple-Boughs" so laudable as its cover, which is one of the very prettiest to be seen in any bookstore. There is much in it that will pass for profundity of thought, but it is not the genuine thing; the opening tirade of the Professor against the spread of general information is about the

only really good thing between the covers, except the very pretty frontispiece.

MOTHER GOOSE FOR GROWN FOLKS. By Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1882. For sale by Billings, Harbourn & Co.

This is a new, revised, and enlarged edition of an earlier collection of Mrs. Whitney's ingenious if unwarrantable paraphrases of Mother Goose. Whatever they may be as paraphrases, with their highly transcendental meanings, some of them are decidedly pretty as poems—and some are not. The whimsical conceit of basing philosophical poems on Mother Goose texts is at all events unique.

MISCELLANEOUS.

We also note *Miss Leighton's Perplexities*, by Alice C. Hall, a mild, inoffensive, and uninteresting novel; *Through a Thermometer*, a Christmas Romance, by Erle Douglas; *The Convict, and Other Poems*, by Edwin Mays. Recent issues of the Franklin Square Library: No. 269, *The Knights of the Horse-Shoe*, by Dr. Wm. A. Caruthers; 270, *A Strange Journey, or Pictures from Egypt and the Soudan*; 271, *Self-Help*, by Samuel Smiles; 272, *Kept in the Dark*, by Anthony Trollope; 273, *A Short History of the Kingdom of Ireland*, by C. G. Walpole; 274, *Weighed and Wanting*, by George Macdonald; 275, *Allerton Towers*, by Annie Thomas; 276, *An Adventure in Thule*, by William Black; 277, *All Sorts and Conditions of Men*, by Besant and Rice.

OUTCROPPINGS.

AN OLD SETTLER'S REMINISCENCE.

We were camped on the San Jose road, near the Seven-mile House, in the year of grace 1851. We had hired out to go somewhere down the coast to work on a farm. Our employer had done some little farming in New England, had, in fact, been one of the projectors of the Brook Farm experiment, but as California suggested a better field, had concluded to try his luck on this fertile western shore; and for this purpose had made arrangements to cultivate a large tract of land, since become famous for its fertility. I will call him Don Molino.

We had finished our breakfast, and were preparing to start, when the Don asked me if I could ride.

Now it had been the ambition of my life in school-days to own a horse, one that I could ride, and be the envy of all the other boys; but I never enjoyed the opportunity of displaying any equestrianism, much to my disappointment. So when the Don asked me if I could ride, I said "Yes" at once, without hesitation, little dreaming how far I was expected to travel.

"Mount this horse, then, young man," said the Don, pointing to a not very pretentious steed which stood already saddled and bridled.

I say saddled, if the curious-looking concern on his back might be termed a saddle. This, I learned very soon afterward, was a *fusta*, and a very useful piece of furniture—in fact, one of the household gods

of the native Californian. After placing my blankets on this uncouth-looking arrangement, I mounted, planted my feet firmly in the large wooden stirrups, and away we went on a canter, or lope.

Almost fresh from a voyage round Cape Horn, with the atmosphere of the salt water and the surroundings of the ship still clinging to me, the prospect of a ride into the country on a real live horse was very agreeable. The transition from sailor life to that of a farmer was pleasing to contemplate. No more "watch and watch," no more cry of "all hands on deck," but a constant "all night in." This was my idea of the change I had in view, little dreaming that this ride was to make of me an argonaut, an old resident, and old settler, entitled to all respect from those who arrived much later in the history of this State.

We halted for a while at Angelo's, a hostelry on the road, that probably lingers in the memory of some of the old settlers of San Francisco, and then settled to our ride. There was not much time lost in conversation; we loped along at a pretty good pace; occasionally I had to stop, much to the annoyance of the Don, to fix my blankets, that were frequently inclined to slide off. Not being accustomed to this kind of sailing, my rigging got out of gear oftener than was pleasant. We met no one on the road: travel at this period was limited. Where now are well-inclosed farms, thrifty orchards, neat dwellings, churches, school-houses, and other evidences of improvement, at the time I first passed over this now well-traveled route scarcely a human habitation was to be seen. Cattle roamed at will. Occasionally a coyote would dart across the road, but neither cattle or coyotes seemed to be disturbed by two horsemen riding along.

On the Pulgas Ranch, if I recollect correctly, there was a primitive shanty, with some occupants. Here another man was "shipped," and joined us. This young man, whose name was Charley, (surnames were not asked for and seldom used in those days) and the Don struck up a conversation at once. They could both talk horse, ranch, cattle, and other bucolic matters; so they rode together, and I kept up as well as I could navigate.

We reined up at a blacksmith's shop, which I think comprised the whole of Redwood City at that time. Inquiries were made about the trail over the mountains, and the information furnished being satisfactory, we started on. Accustomed to obey orders, I asked nothing about the distance we were to travel, supposing that at the proper time we would drop anchor somewhere, and rest for the night.

Leaving the main road this side of Santa Clara, we headed for the coast range of mountains. After traveling some distance we reached a house near the base. As the sun was about to sink, I supposed we would probably stay here for the night. I was getting a longer ride than I had anticipated. But "On" was the order given, and we prepared to ascend the trail.

As night overtook us before we reached the summit, and the track was not very distinct even in daylight, my difficulties increased, and my ignorance of mountain travel added to my troubles. It was hard work for me to dodge the branches of the trees; harder still at times to keep my seat for drowsiness. We finally reached the summit and got on the down grade. In some places there was barely room for horse and rider; how I ever got through is a mystery to this day. At that time it was considered quite a feat for any one to pass over this route. In after years a turnpike road was built over this trail, and now the Dumbarton Railroad runs on the same line.

I need not dwell longer on my trials during the remainder of the trip. If Christian in Pilgrim's Progress had as rough a time in climbing, he is entitled to my sympathies.

We arrived at the City of the Holy Cross at about one o'clock in the morning, having ridden about one hundred miles. Dick Turpin may have done better in his day, or John Gilpin, but I am inclined to believe that they were both more accustomed to that kind of locomotion than I was. By hard knocking we aroused the landlord of the only hotel in the place, and a sorry spectacle I presented. My hat gone, my face scratched by the trees that would get in my way, clothes torn, and, in fact, used up generally. Mine host eyed us rather suspiciously. I was afterwards told that he suspected us of being horse thieves. He let us in, however, and showed us to a bed. I dropped asleep immediately, and might have been taken out and swung up by Judge Lynch without being conscious of the operation, nor objecting to the proceedings in the least.

My ambition in horsemanship had been fully satisfied, yet another ride was in prospect the next morning before we were to reach our destination. Like a victim on the rack I submitted. We traveled slowly and reached camp the same evening. It was a permanent one for me.

Don Molino became at one time a "bloated land owner," but dry seasons and short crops ruined him. Then he became interested in mining stocks, got rich, failed again; and where he is now or what doing I have no idea. Probably he will come to the front again. Charley left his bones to bleach in the arid soil of Arizona about a year since; and I am still an old settler.

A WRECKING INCIDENT.

On blustering days, sitting now by a comfortable fire, my wandering mind will often recur to the scenes of the experience of my younger days; and foremost always are the thrilling times when I served as a wrecker on the northern coast, clad in oil skins, rubber boots, and sou'wester hat. Possessed of a hardy constitution and robust health, and with a

natural desire for adventure, I found that appetite appeased in attending to my duty as a wrecker. Perhaps it was irksome on long acquaintance; yet while new, it had for me a great charm.

Our rugged coast seemed made to harvest the most fearful wrecks ever cast upon a shore. Only one among many was the noble ship, storm-tossed and dismantled, that we saw raised on the crest of a towering wave and hurled shoreward with terrific force, to rise on the next foam-crested billow, revealing to our gaze, as she came nearer, a haggard and ghastly crew, doomed to destruction. Lashed to ring-bolt or rigging remnant, washed by each succeeding wave as it boarded her amidships, or swept her deck from stem to stern as she plunged head on, some were dead in their lashings; others we could see, through the pelting rain and whirling mist, feebly calling, or gesticulating eagerly, in vain beseeching our aid. The terrific force of storm and wind and falling night had tied our hands. We heard in the dead of night the crash as some giant sea, rolling in, had deposited its load, and guessed that all was over. Morning brought a clear and sunny day, void of storm; and all that remained to tell the tale was the once majestic ship as she lay on the rocks, half submerged and rent asunder, and the ghastly bodies that occasionally dotted the shore.

To depict the expression on faces seen thus would fill volumes. Some seemed peaceful and happy in death, as though they had found a haven of rest long sought. Others looked distorted and wrenched out of all human shape, the white, unseemly lips half open, the tightly closed teeth showing beneath, and hands clenched to tell of life's battle fought hard and lost. Had we had hearts like adamant, these scenes would have left an impression upon us. It needed but the cry of "Ship off shore, drifting in!" to rouse us to a man, ready and eager to rescue from a watery grave the meanest cur, did occasion offer.

It was in the latter part of February, 18—, that we were roused from our slumbers by the sound of a distress whistle. We were alive at once, and on the scene of our labors in a twinkling. A worse night was never seen. The howling blast seemed bent on ridding us of every vestige of clothing. We fought and tussled with it at every step. The driving rain seemed bent on washing us away, while the sea piled mountains high on our rocky beach, and conjectures were running wild, old-salt theories multiplying thick and fast.

The powerful blast of a deep-mouthed whistle came to us at every lull in the storm, distinct and clear. The air seemed to be filled in every nook and cranny with it. It seemed to be reaching out for and grasping us, like a huge octopus with its long arms, striving to draw us on to the rescue.

"Ah! I am sure I saw it, sir," said Jack Reddling, as hardy a tar as had ever crossed the stormy main. "A steamer, sir; I saw her lights as she raised. I'm afraid she's done for, she's whistling so."

All eyes were bent seaward, but in vain. The driving rain and sleet shut out all sight of over two hundred yards. In vain we strained our eyes to catch another glimpse of her. Every scream of her whistle thrilled us through and through. It seemed to wail and cry in the tumbling racket of the furious storm. Again we stood, unable to give assistance, visions flashing through our minds of the ghastly handiwork of old ocean which we would once more have to view. 'Twas almost useless to try to talk, our voices being hurled away on the breeze as it whistled past and played sad havoc among the pines and redwoods on the range back.

"I wish 'twere morning, sir; she's driving on fast, and I pray God we may give a helping hand."

It was a long night, but we would not quit our posts. Visions of women and children that possibly crowded her decks and would soon need our succor thronged our minds. We knew that strong men would soon be struggling for life, and we must stand by and give them a helping hand. Most we thought of the anxious crowd we should behold when we first sighted her.

"She's bearing now, sir, about sou'west, sir, from the sound."

"It's queer, sir," said Sandy Marble, "she must be clear drowned out, or we could now see her lights."

Slowly and surely she was drifting in, the sound was coming nearer and nearer, and at last the dark began to abate with the storm and the night.

"I see her, sir!"

"Where away?"

"Dead south, bearing in fast. She's down by the head, and seems to be sinking. They be jumping overboard, sir."

At this we were on the dead run for the place where we expected she would strike, about half a mile below where we had stood our watch.

"They must have tied the whistle down, sir," panted Reddling, as he ran; "she toots all the time."

We had taken a route around a pile of rocks, hiding the wreck the whole way from our sight; and now we rounded in full view of where it lay, wedged in between two boulders—the whistling buoy from Columbia River bar, which had got adrift the day before, and had come in on us thus!

We turned and wended our way homeward, tired and wet, and I cannot say whether it was with thanks to the Almighty for a catastrophe averted, or with curses on the luck which had cheated us of a good night's sleep.

W. B. CURTIS.

TRANSLATIONS.

IN DER FREMDE.

(From the German of Eichendorff.)

I hear the rush of streamlets

In the woodland, running free;

In the wood, in the sounds of waters,

I know not where I may be.

Here in the loneliness round me
Voices of nightingales chime,
As if they would tell me something
From the beautiful by-gone time.

The shimmer of moonlight wavers,
As if beneath me there lay
The castle down in the valley,
And yet it is far away.

As if in the garden yonder,
With its roses white and red,
My love must be waiting for me—
And yet he is long since dead.
MILICENT WASHBURN SHINN.

TROOPERS' SONG.

(From the German of Herwegh.)

The anxious night still lies around;
We silent ride, ride without sound;
We onward ride to death.
The morning wind blows cold and chill,
Come, hostess, quick our glasses fill,
Before my dying breath.

O, fair young grass, why stand so green?
Ere long upon you will be seen
My blood like roses' bloom.
This first deep draught, with sword in hand,
I drink in honor of our land;
For her we seek the tomb.

Fill to the brim your glasses up,
For freedom be the second cup,
This fiery draught of wine!
The little left—whose shall it be?
O, Roman Kingdom, 'tis for thee
We pledge you with the vine.

Now to my love—but hold, the glass
Is dry—the long bright lances pass—
The bullets whistle by,
Like thunder-bolt upon the foe!
The troopers' wish—to work them woe,
And then at dawn to die.

TWO SEPULCHERS.

(From the German of Kerner.)

In the dome of the old cathedral
Two sepulchers stand alone:
In the one is King Ottmar lying,
And the singer rests in one.

The king once sat in grandeur
On his ancestral throne;
The sword lies in his right hand,
And on his head the crown.

But near the haughty monarch,
There rests the singer low;
Still in his hand the watchers
The gentle harp do show.

The strongholds round are fallen,
And war-cry sounds through the land;

The sword it rises never,
There in the monarch's hand.

Blossoms and gentle breezes
Murmur the valley along;
The harp of the singer soundeth
In an everlasting song.

MILICENT WASHBURN SHINN.

NEW YORK, October 10th, 1882.

EDITOR CALIFORNIAN: I notice in your October number an article entitled "Reminiscences of the Gold Period," in which the names of Ned Irwin, Jake Schoonmaker, and Frank Pinto appear in connection with an incident at Mormon Gulch; and as a sequel to the story of the rifle purchased by Ned Irwin, would say that about two weeks after its purchase by Irwin, it fell out of his hands and broke the shaft the chambers revolved on, and as he prized the rifle very highly, it almost broke his heart, there being no possibility of repairing it in those days: and as another proof of the high prices for which fire-arms sold, would add, that Frank Pinto sold a five-chambered "Colt's" pistol, one of the first made, and which he had carried in the Mexican war, (he being a lieutenant in Colonel Burnett's regiment of New York Volunteers) to a Mr. Pardee, clerk on a Stockton steamboat, for \$150, gold.

Speaking of the steamer "Mint," friend O'Meara is in error. She ran between Stockton and San Francisco as the "Mint," and not under the name of "San Joaquin." I remember the crank craft well. The steamer "Captain Sutter" also ran on the same route, and at this late date it is a disputed point at Stockton as to whether the "Mint," or "Captain Sutter" reached the embarcadero of Stockton first; one or the other of these boats was the first to put in an appearance in the slough.

General Francis E. Pinto and Jacob J. Schoonmaker are still alive and well, the former in Brooklyn, New York, the latter at Vineland, New Jersey; while Ned Irwin has passed out of sight these many years. Yet he may still be around.

In the spring of 1849 salt pork sold on the Stanislaus at five dollars a pound; grain black pepper at the same figures; and shoes worth one dollar a pair in the "States" sold for \$32; while \$20 was cheap for a mixture called cognac; for the writer was *thar*.

F. D. C.

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THE CALIFORNIAN

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CONTENTS:

THE BANCROFT HISTORICAL LIBRARY.....	Frances Fuller Victor.	487
A CONTEMPORARY OF WASHINGTON.—II.....	Alfred A. Wheeler.	496
ARAB SONG.....	Margaret Rhett.	508
WANDERING JOE.....	Y. H. Addis.	509
LA CAMICIA ROSSA.....	G. S. Godkin.	513
THE DEAD HERO.....	Max A. Theilig.	517
THALOS.—Chapters XIV, XV, XVI.....	Leonard Kip.	518
BY STAGE AND RAIL.....	Warren Cheney.	532
FOUR FACES.....	Gregory Mitchell.	538
THE FACE IN THE PICTURE.....	Emily Browne Powell.	539
CARLO GOLDONI.....	Charlotte Adams.	543
DOWN THE MISSISSIPPI.....	W. W. W.	553
SIMON KINGLEY OF SAN MINETOS.....	L. J. Dakin.	560
IN ARCADIA.....	J. P. Widney.	565
THE STUDY OF SHORT-HAND.....	T. S. Van Dyke.	566
LATE PUBLICATIONS.....		571
A Fair Philosopher—Spoiling the Egyptians—Elfin-Land—Diddie, Dumps, and Tot—A Red-Letter Day, and Other Poems—Elements of Political Economy—The Bodley Grandchildren, and their Journey in Holland— Flip, and Found at Blazing Star—Those Children and Their Teachers— The Poetical Works of Alice and Phoebe Cary—Cesette—Under Green Apple Boughs—Mother Goose for Grown Folks—Miscellaneous.		
OUTCROPPINGS.....		575
An Old Settler's Reminiscence—A Wrecking Incident—Translations.		



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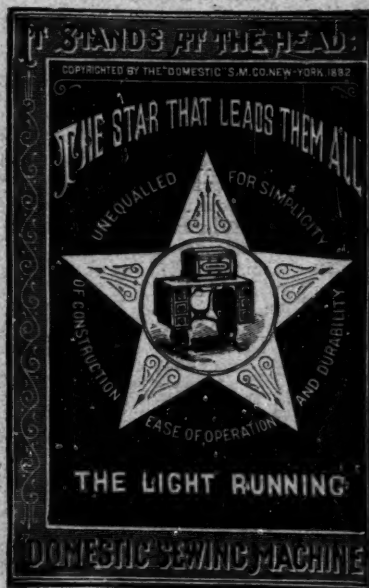
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IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The Overland Monthly for 1883,

in addition to the Studies of Important Topics, Essays, Sketches, Serials, Stories, Poetry, etc., of the corps of writers already known on the CALIFORNIAN, will publish contributions from the following well-known Eastern writers:

H. H.,

EDWARD EVERETT HALE,

PRES. D. C. GILMAN,

NOAH BROOKS,

WILLIAM H. BAKER,

WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS.

The Overland for January, 1883, will contain:

"Phosphorescence,"

A Sonnet, by H. H.

"From Baltimore to Berkeley,"

A Communication from President D. C. GILMAN, of Johns Hopkins University.

"The Mutual Relations of Moral and Intellectual Culture,"

By Professor JOSEPH LE CONTE.

Christmas Stories.

Essays,

By WILLIAM H. RIDEING, T. H. REARDON, and others.

Poems,

By INA D. COOLBRITH, EDWARD R. SILL, and others.

An engraved page, with a graceful design, embodying a quaint Poem,

"The Death of Love,"

will also appear in this number.

During the early months of the year will be published :

"A SKETCH OF COLUMBUS'S STARTING POINT—THE SEAPORT OF PALOS," by

Edward Everett Hale,

Author of "The Man Without a Country," "Philip Nolan's Friends,"
"Ten Times One are Ten," "In His Name," etc.

William Elliot Griffis,

Author of "The Empire of the Mikado," "Corea, the Hermit Nation,"
will contribute a paper on "COREAN MEDICAL SCIENCE."

Unpublished Manuscript by the late

Jas. F. Bowman

will be placed before the public in some early issue.

William H. Baker,

Author of "Inside; a Chronicle of Secession," "The Virginians in
Texas," "His Majesty Myself," etc., will contribute during the year.

Papers on important Public Topics have been promised by

HON. HORACE DAVIS,

C. T. HOPKINS,

IRVING M. SCOTT,

W. W. CRANE, JR.

HON. THEODORE HITTELL,

And others.

John Muir

will contribute Sketches during the year.

Profs. Joseph and John Le Conte and E. W. Hilgard

will contribute Scientific and Philosophical Papers.

Historical Papers will be published from

HON. THEODORE HITTELL,

HUBERT HOWE BANCROFT,

And others.

Several articles by pioneer clergymen and other pioneers, among
them

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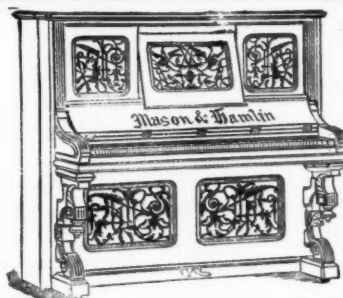
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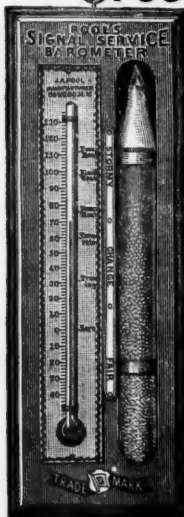
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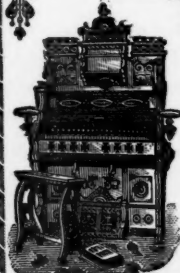
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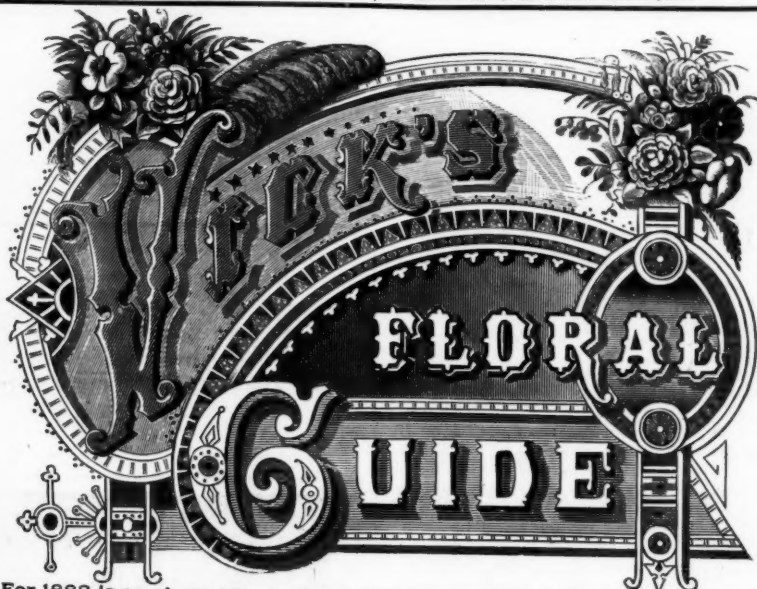
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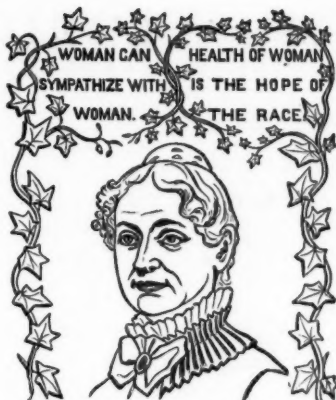
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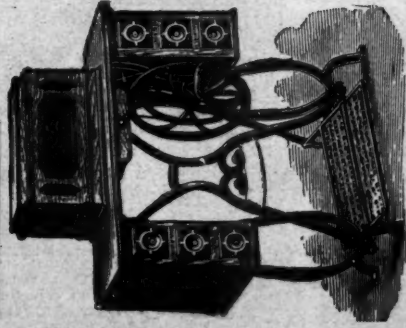
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